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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Ethiopian exodus

Friday, September 7, 1984



Only a quarter of Ethiopia's 28,000 Jews have reached Israel. Some feel the authorities are not doing enough to bring the rest to safety. Officials deny this and also defend themselves against charges of neglect in the treatment of those who have immigrated. The Post's Louis Rapoport discusses a "complex, troubling, often perplexing" story. He finds a significant change of attitude here on the aliya question but sharp differences on the effectiveness of the absorption efforts. (Page 4)

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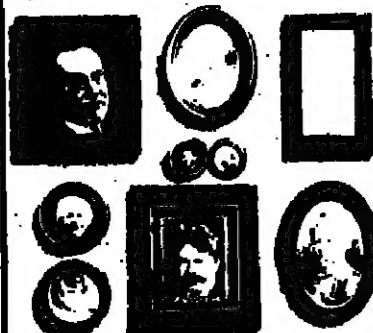
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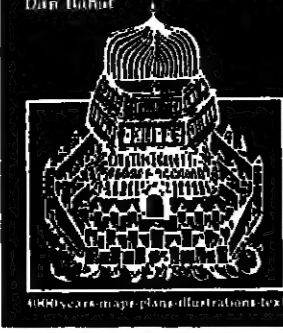
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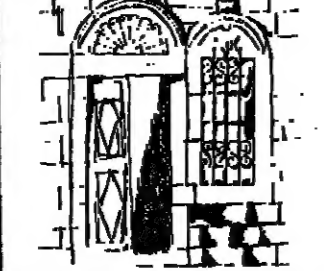


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On the cover: An elderly Ethiopian Jew reads from the Bible. Photo graph by Yoav Levy.

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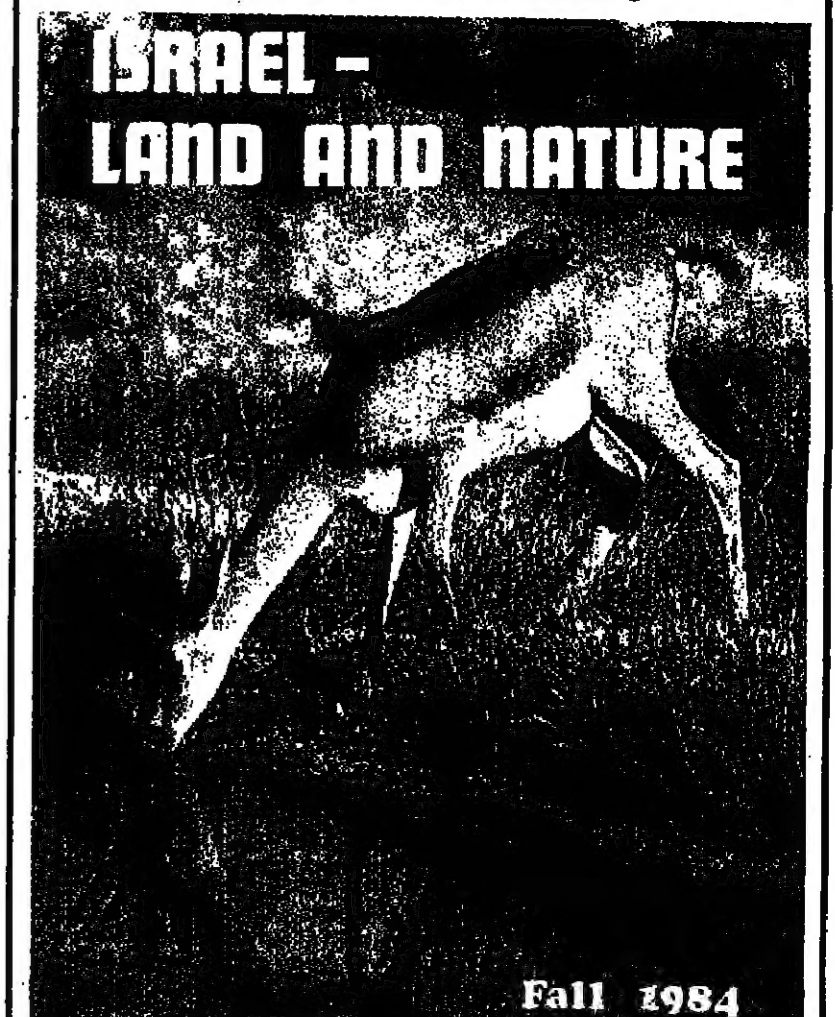
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EXACTLY TEN YEARS ago next week, on September 12, 1974, the First Autocrat of All-Ethiopia, a small man who upon becoming emperor assumed the name Haile Selassie ("Holy Trinity"), was finally deposed after months of turmoil and insurrection. The revolution had started in February against a background of fierce drought and famine in the poorest land on earth, in which tens of thousands of peasants starved to death while the feudal aristocracy gorged itself on the profits of grain speculation.

The Lion of Judah claimed descent from King Solomon of Israel and the Queen of Sheba, but he had long been an oppressor of the tiny tribe of Ethiopian Jews whose slave name was Falasha, or stranger. There were about 28,000 of them, hardly noticed in the vast land of 28 million souls, 70 languages and innumerable tribes. The emperor, like his predecessors, forbade almost all Ethiopian Jews to own land. Until the lion went out like a lamb — a confused babbling anachronism forced out of his palace — the Falashas were serfs who toiled for their lords. Haile Selassie died within a year of his overthrow and was buried in an unmarked grave. The Ethiopian Jews were not among those who mourned his passing.

The Marxist military regime that emerged after the emperor's downfall was confronted by staggering problems: the secessionist war in Eritrea, tribal insurrections, civil war among various political factions, war with Somalia over the Ogaden — as well as unimaginable poverty, disease, and ignorance. As novelist Danachew Worku put it: "Ethiopia is God's way of putting an end to things."

The situation in Ethiopia was similar to the one in Russia following the revolution, with rival armies and hordes of bandits criss-crossing a devastated land. The Jews, located mostly in the Gondar and Tigre provinces north of Lake Tana, the source of the Blue Nile, suffered greatly in the ensuing years. Their situation improved somewhat once the central government was able to exert more control over the provinces. But they were restricted in practicing their religion, and they were often treated harshly and with suspicion because of their resolute belief that their only salvation lay in immigration to Israel. The emperor had broken ties with Israel after the Yom Kippur War; and under the Marxists, Zionism was anathema.

THERE WERE only about 200 Ethiopian Jews in Israel 10 years ago. The Israeli government held that the Falashas were not Jews, and that it was not its responsibility to help bring them here under the Law of Return. Gaining recognition for them was a long and bitter fight, one that began long before a 1972 ruling by the Sephardi chief rabbi, Ovadia Yosef, that the Falashas were Jews. It took three more years before an inter-ministerial committee decreed that the Law of Return applied to the Ethiopian Jews.

There was one proviso. Ethiopian Jews had to undergo a semi-conversion ritual, known as "renewal of the covenant." Today, it is an issue of contention. But at the time, it was purely academic — no Ethiopian Jews were brought to Israel until 1977, when Menachem Begin came to power. Whatever Mr. Begin's faults, his name will always be honored by the Ethiopian Jews: Begin was the first, and is still the only, powerful Israeli figure to take a personal interest in the fate of this tenacious and proud tribe of Jews.

Today, there are 7,000 Ethiopian Jews in Israel, one-quarter of the

Exodus of the black Jews



Ethiopian immigrants demonstrate in Jerusalem. Patch on woman's shoulder reads "Save the Falashas."

Louis Rapoport

tribe. Half of them are under 18 years old. A number of these immigrants and some of their supporters feel that Israel and the establishment of world Jewry are opposed to bringing the thousands who remain in Ethiopia and elsewhere in Africa. Government officials involved in helping the Ethiopian Jews vehemently deny that the lukewarm attitude that once marked the government's attitude still prevails. There are equally sharp differences over the second major question: the treatment accorded the immigrants.

It is a complex, troubling, often perplexing story. I've been writing about the subject periodically for more than 10 years, and I find it as difficult an assignment as ever. Intruding this personal note goes against my grain; but it is inevitable here. Five years ago, I wrote a book on the subject, and was extremely critical of the Israeli government.

In an article written a decade ago, I quoted one Jewish Agency official, Yehuda Dominitz, director-general of the immigration department, as saying that it would be wrong to bring the Falashas to Israel, that they would feel "like fish out of water." Since then, that quote has cropped

up in dozens of other articles about the Ethiopian Jews. A recent American book, *The Fate of the Jews*, portrays Israel as a racist monster in regard to its treatment of the black Jews of Ethiopia. The quote shows up there, too. The author's sole source for her anti-Israel diatribe is Graenun Berger, founder and former president of a militant group called the American Association for Ethiopian Jewry. For Berger and his associates, Yehuda Dominitz represented the devil and always will. But according to several people in the field, who deal with the Ethiopian Jews on a daily basis, Dominitz now works assiduously on behalf of the immigrants from Ethiopia.



Scenes from Jewish village in Ethiopia. Straw roofed synagogue and young woman doing handicrafts outside hut.

the Jewish Agency, and world Jewish organizations. I think my basic conclusions were correct — little was being done. But today, much is being done, although there is undoubtedly a need for an even greater effort to reunite the thousands of broken families of Ethiopian Jews.

I believe there has been a significant change of attitude by key Israeli officials. Persons who once arrogantly dismissed the idea that the Falashas were Jews later came into contact with them and were "converted." One high official, whose ignorance about the Ethiopian Jews was truly appalling, has since become knowledgeable, sensitive, and concerned. Another official dealing with the issue still remains aloof and somewhat insular, but he nevertheless works day and night to help.

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BERGER, A RETIRED Jewish fund-raiser who is in his late seventies, is a stubborn self-described "curmudgeon" whose sometimes intemperate statements are used by those who wish to portray Israel as a monolithically racist entity. On the other hand, he has been the most diligent activist on behalf of the Ethiopian Jews since Jacques Faitlovitch — the French Jew who lived with the Falashas in Ethiopia, educated many of them, and spent 50 years fighting for their cause.

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efforts. Hebrew University anthropologist Jeff Halper, a leader of another group, the Union for Saving Ethiopian Jewish Families, says that most of the Ethiopian Jews dislike Greenfield "because he humiliates them, doesn't give money to things they think important, is arrogant and abusive. Funds should be dispensed in a dignified way, but with the AAEJ operation there's no accountability, no one knows where the money goes."

Greenfield, in response to a question, said that his organization "reports to the government every year" about its distribution of funds. He himself takes no pay. Although he is the sole person signing the cheques, "the books are checked by accountants." There are no candidates to replace him because "there's no other schmuck that wants to put the time into it."

Graenun Berger says the AAEJ gets a full accounting from his man in Israel. He knows that there have been many complaints about Greenfield's offensive manner with the Ethiopian Jews. "We would rather have someone else, but there is no one else," Berger says.

Berger's group has brought about 170 Ethiopian Jews out of African areas to safety. They say that if a small group of amateurs can do this, why can't Israel bring the whole tribe? A recent documentary film by Israeli-born Simha Jacobovici, who lives in Canada, asserts that there are no major obstacles to bringing the remaining 20,000 Ethiopian Jews to Israel. A minister (now a former minister) from a country in Africa is interviewed and tells the filmmaker: "No trouble, no curbs on Jews. So the only problem is 'racist Israel,'" the film asserts.

People in the government, and some independent persons who work to rescue the Ethiopian Jews, are livid over the film and the AAEJ's publicity. One source said that "thousands are on the way — the process is on. But it gets blocked up by these self-righteous people who don't care if a thousand people are lost — just as long as they can say they saved 100 people while Israel did nothing."

WHEREAS there appears to be at least some capacity by the involved Israeli officials to engage in self-criticism, the American group sees itself as infallible. Over a year ago, the Americans published in newspaper ads a list of names of dozens of Falashas who had reportedly died of disease or malnutrition somewhere in Africa while Israel twiddled its thumbs. The list was riddled with inaccuracies. Living people were included among the dead.

I saw one Ethiopian Jew confront two of the AAEJ people about this, asking them why they had included his sister's name. His family had gone into mourning, but learned later that the girl was alive and well. The Americans appeared to be oblivious to their own faults — they had become obsessed with their mission, and seemed to feel that only Israel and the establishment could do any wrong.

These are well-intentioned persons who for years have devoted their efforts to help the Ethiopian Jews. Biology professor Howard Lenhof of California and Chicago businessman Nate Shapiro are among Berger's fellow altruists, and both have served at the helm of the AAEJ. At certain points over the years, their efforts to publicize the plight of the Falashas were extremely important. But their critics maintain they haven't kept pace, that they're locked into their obsessions.

Getaneh Bogale, senior consul-

tant to the Ethiopian archbishop in Jerusalem, said in a letter to *The Post* this week that reports (presumably disseminated by the Americans) that Ethiopian Jews are dying because of religious persecution are "utterly preposterous and without foundation." The letter continued:

"I know, and Ethiopian Jews living in this country know, that no Ethiopian Jew gets killed today simply because he is a Jew. The



Recent newcomers Elzora Bashi and son Haim, now in IDF, on a tour of Jerusalem for new immigrants.

rights of minorities in Ethiopia are probably better safeguarded today than at any other time in the country's history.

"Care should therefore be taken that such ill-founded, wholesale accusations, probably motivated by an innocent desire to prod the Israeli government to some positive action, do not inadvertently sow seeds of misunderstanding among people."

ONE FIELD worker for the Jewish Agency — call him Assaf — has spent the last three years working intensively with Ethiopian Jews in one of the 23 absorption centres in which most of the 7,000 are housed. He knows Berger and appreciates what he has done in the past for the Ethiopian Jews. "But what's happened more recently is a destructive force, fuelling the terrible anxieties felt by people in shock who want to be reunited with their families. They are told by these Americans that Israel doesn't want them and doesn't want to bring their families because they are black. The outsiders have no idea how they are compounding the Falashas' already enormous problems."

On August 16, many of the Ethiopian immigrants fasted and prayed for the families they left behind. Assaf believes they should demonstrate, that they must organize and press their demands, just like every other immigrant group that preceded them. But they must not be led to believe that Israeli society and the government hates them.

"There is an explosive situation here. People like Berger and Jacobovici are your classic outside agitators. I don't think they realize the state of mind of the Ethiopian Jews — youths who have lived for 10 years under a Russian-type system, who believe that Israel is an imperialistic enemy of the Third World. One veteran immigrant who came to Israel 12 years ago was asked by his

recently arrived nephews, 'Do you know Marx and Lenin?' It's easy to organize them against the government — they're plagued by a whole spectrum of problems, and they're susceptible."

There is one basic problem: almost every family is broken. In the villages I visited eight years ago, the only Jews left today are the old and infirm and widows with small children. The situation is reportedly as



mobilizing support for an international campaign to encourage the Ethiopian government to grant the basic humanitarian right of reunification of families.

ETHIOPIANS are a proud and sensitive people, and attacks on the regime in Addis Ababa are entirely inappropriate. The Ethiopians are open to increased Western aid, but they can't be bribed or coerced into

freedom. The Ethiopians are now celebrating the 10th anniversary of Haile Selassie's downfall and changes are expected to be announced in the near future, including the establishment of a permanent rather than a provisional government in a one-party Communist state.

According to Olga Kapeliuk, a Hebrew University professor who is an authority on revolutionary Ethiopia, "the Ethiopians try to have good relations with the West. The U.S. and Europe are the biggest aid donors." She believes the Ethiopians might agree to allow the remaining Jews to emigrate on humanitarian grounds. She is highly critical of the past actions of Jewish organizations. ORT, which ran a controversial aid programme in northern Ethiopia at the end of the 1970s, "created tremendous jealousy and bitterness among the Ethiopians by helping only Jews, and the Falashas suffered from this."

She is also critical of the way the Ethiopian Jews are treated in Israel. "It makes me ashamed. They dress now like the people in the Aguda and NRP parties — that's not exactly preserving their customs. They're treated paternalistically, analysed as if they're children. The problem is not to change the Falashas but to educate the Israelis."

THE JEWISH AGENCY's Yehuda Dominitz says that his "fish out of water" statement about the Falashas 10 years ago was quoted out of context. "What proved to be true is that they're not like fish out of water — the water moved to Israel."

The effort has been to bring the community, he says, and "thank God, I can say that after 10 years, although the dream has not yet been fulfilled, we are on the road."

He says that some of the criticism of the process of bringing the Ethiopian Jews to their ancestral homeland and the way they are being absorbed into a technological society may be justified. "While gathering experience, we are exposed to mistakes. Criticism is welcome and there is self-criticism. There are problems — there has never been an aliya without problems."

Agency workers in the field say one of the problems is the lack of

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(Continued from page 5)

long-range planning. Dominitz concedes that there is a need for more planning based on the experience acquired over the last three years.

Concerning the rescue issue, he says that Israeli diplomatic efforts have never ceased. But "it's true that only Begin took a personal interest in the Falashas." The American group should stick to its efforts to awaken Jews to the plight of Ethiopian Jews, he says. "There's no doubt that the interference of amateur groups in other matters can only cause harm."

Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir recently met with leaders of the community in Israel and told them that "we are doing the maximum despite the obstacles and difficulties." According to his press aide, Yossi Ahimeir, Shamir said that money was no problem, that great efforts were under way "because there's no price too great for saving lives." The prime minister had "taken a personal interest in bringing Ethiopian Jews to their homeland," Ahimeir emphasized.

MOSHE GILBOA, director of world Jewish affairs in the Foreign Ministry, says that Ethiopian Jewry is the top priority of his department, which is in charge of diplomatic efforts on behalf of Jews living in distress (Soviet, Syrian, Iranian Jews, etc.). "There are countries, organizations and individuals who are helping in the cause of Ethiopian Jewry. For obvious reasons, they can't be named, but the day will come when they'll be recognized and given credit."

There are two permanent government committees working on the problem on a day-to-day basis and with no regard to the current political situation. Every possible diplomatic channel is being used, Gilboa says.

He welcomed the fact that in 1983, Ethiopia began to allow Israelis and Jews from the West to visit their co-religionists. "It shows that Addis Ababa recognizes that it has become a world Jewish concern. The Falashas saw that they were not isolated. This was a welcome gesture and we have said it. We have appealed on humanitarian grounds for reunification of families. This is in no way an act against the Ethiopian government, but is recognition of a basic human right."

He said he was also gratified that the Ethiopians had lifted the bar against the Falashas receiving Jewish religious materials. "There's been an improvement. Synagogues that were closed down have opened up. The struggle is still on."

Another official spoke to emphasized that although the Ethiopians desire economic assistance and the support of Jewish lobbies in affluent countries, this should in no way be tied to a lifting of the curbs on the emigration of Falashas. "The Ethiopians would rather do without the aid than give up their principles. Those who leave Ethiopia now are looked upon as traitors. The exodus can't be obtained with money."

This same official vehemently attacked the AAEJ and film-maker Jacobovici for "slandering Ethiopia, Israel and the world Jewish organizations." To charge that we have a "quota" and only bring people when they take ad in some newspaper shows how deluded these people really are. The worst thing they do is turn the Ethiopian Jews against the people who rescued them, making them despise Israeli society and the government. It just takes everything away from the main challenge.

I heard such sentiments over and over again in the course of several

interviews. Government and Jewish Agency officials have apparently embarked on an open campaign against the AAEJ and its Canadian counterpart, the CAEJ, as otherwise well-intentioned people who in fact are slowing rescue and sowing confusion among the already traumatized immigrants.

One source familiar with both organizations says there is a sharp split between them over whether or not to publicize sensitive aspects of the rescue issue. It is said that most of the Americans are now being sensibly cautious about what to publicize.

Haim Aharon, head of the Agency's aliyah department, told a group of journalists in July that "we can't afford to make the same mistakes with the Ethiopian immigrants as we did with other immigrant groups." He said that unlike those who decided them, the Ethiopian Jews don't have a social infrastructure to serve as a support system, and are entirely reliant on the Agency and the government. He feared that Israeli society was not ready yet to accept the Ethiopians, and that fighting prejudice would become a major struggle.

THE PROBLEMS ARE awesome. A field worker in Ashdod said the Ethiopians she works with are treated like second-class citizens and are very bitter.

"Even the few with skills, like an electrician or a plumber, can only get jobs at co-dic wages, at Sun-Frost or Yafa-Mor, where working conditions are terrible. Last month, they took home an average of about \$545,000—\$1400 for a 55-hour work week. The factories fire them after they've worked for 10 months, then rehire them—a trick so they don't have to give them tenure and pay the consequent benefits. One woman worked for 15 months, then became very ill and didn't get one day of sick leave."

Among the immigrants there is a great deal of animosity towards the Agency, "which gives them some money, but never enough to help them get on their feet." The Ethiopian Jews have become militant about their rights—"a good sign, since anyone in Israel who's docile is crushed underfoot." The Agency gives them a one-time grant of \$545,000 for "appliances and furniture"—about enough for a refrigerator door.

An Agency worker at another absorption centre—call her Rivka—has been deeply involved in helping the community and has won the respect and love of many of the immigrants. She has her gripes against the Agency and other bodies, but she has even less patience for "the malcontents, and those people who are using them for their own ends."

Rivka gives highest marks to the Health Ministry and Kupat Holim Clalit ("they're fabulous—they're committed and they care"), to the social services department of the Agency and to the Labour Ministry, which has "put in a tremendous amount of work" in coordination with the Agency and the Absorption Ministry. The IDF has been particularly outstanding, with many special programmes for the Ethiopians and an ongoing attempt to put them in the top units—there are several in the small elite Golan force, for example. Low marks go to the Education Ministry headed by Zevulun Hammer. "They have done nothing—zero—and there is a crying need for programmes about the Falashas in every school in the country."

Rivka feels that some of the people "at the top" in the Agency are

patronizing and "not committed—they're not against the Falashas but they're not for them either."

Rivka is sometimes brought to meet new arrivals, and "no one can tell me that the government is just assisting a token number—it's a lie." On the other hand, she believes that criticism is justified at certain levels. "When there's commitment to a project in Israel, then it works. More people probably could be brought, and much more undoubtedly could be done for them once they're here."

She is worried that there is "no planned infrastructure, no long-term planning. Radical changes are needed in the entire process."

RIVKA WORKS WITH a staff that includes home-maker aides, veteran



Spiritual leader of Ethiopian community Uri Ben-Baruch, now in Israel. (Below) Schoolboy in Ethiopia.



Ethiopian immigrants who work as translators and counsellors, social workers and urban teachers.

One of her Ethiopian assistants, who came to Israel in 1974, took a year's leave from his well-paying job in Lod and volunteered to work at the absorption centre at half his normal salary. He's had a rough time with some of the militant teenagers who think of him as "being on the Agency's payroll." Motli, the head of the school at the absorption centre, had a difficult time adjusting to the "differentness" and special needs of the Ethiopian Jews. "But I learned on the job, learned not to hurt them. It has become the most wonderful, gratifying experience of my life."

Anthropologist Halper is one of those who agrees about the apparent lack of long-term planning for the absorption of the immigrants. He says Agency officials behave "like classic bureaucrats. They don't have a policy. They don't know what to do with the Ethiopian Jews. The field workers get no guidelines from the top, so they have to come up with on-the-ground solutions."

Halper's group has published a study on the subject including recommendations for dealing with this unique situation. Another study, by anthropologist Michael Ashkenazi, was conducted at the Beersheba absorption centre. It was funded by the AAEJ. Halper's group calls for the creation of a single authority for

developing policy, one that would include Ethiopian Jews, outside experts and Agency workers, as well as the concerned officials.

Halper, who says he is barred by Yehuda Dominitz from visiting the absorption centres, has taken an active role in demonstrations demanding more help for the Ethiopian Jews.

He says that a recent positive development is that the immigrants are starting to take the initiative. They themselves organized a July demonstration in Jerusalem, in which 1,000 of them took part. "They got the money for the buses from film-maker Jacobovici, but they're the ones who were in charge."

One source says the demonstrators are getting money from a Bnei Brak millionaire, an anti-Zionist whose real purpose is to stop the immigration of Ethiopian Jews.

ANTHROPOLOGIST Phyllis Palgi, head of the behavioural science department at Tel Aviv University Medical School, expresses grave concern about the situation of the immigrants, who have been "extremely traumatized."

Palgi, who was trained by Margaret Mead, has interviewed dozens of Ethiopian immigrants as an adviser to the Jewish Agency. In her previous work on Moroccan Jews, she was highly critical of the Agency, and does not feel entirely comfortable about being pushed into defending it. But she has been impressed by the devotion and good-will of the Agency's workers. They show a very genuine identification with the immigrants and "an almost desperate search for a way to make things go right."

The Ethiopian Jews have been through hell, says Palgi, and they look at the world through fearful, untrusting eyes. There is enormous tension between the Jews from Gondar and those from Tigre, and wild accusations are thrown around. "This is typical of a traumatized group—they turn on each other," an observation that might equally apply to the Jewish people as a whole.

Courtesy is a key element in the Ethiopian culture—it can take 10 minutes to say hello—and there is an obvious shock awaiting Ethiopian Jews arriving in Israel's abrasive society.

But what worries Palgi most of all is the "tremendous messianic beliefs among the male Ethiopian Jews." She has come across a number of immigrants with messianic complexes, especially among the more intelligent and imaginative. "It's a form of pulling yourself out of a bad situation and towards a better life."

This messianic fervour adds greatly to the distress, she says. It is a common phenomenon for groups who emigrate under terrible stress, dreaming of being led to a paradise. When this phenomenon is connected to Judaism, it is natural for it to lead towards messianism. The zeal that drives some of the demonstrators could exacerbate the situation and bring about a tragic ending. (According to my sources, there have already been some serious threats of violence.)

What to do about it? "I don't know," says Palgi, "the best thing is to ask them." On the other hand, she, like other observers, is encouraged that the Ethiopian Jews demonstrate against what they regard as coercion: "It means they have become active and want to take their future into their own hands, not just accept what they're told. They have a right to protest, just like any other citizens."

There are other bright spots as well, particularly among the women

who are working in factories. But in general there is much cause for worry because of the nature of the splintered group, the Ethiopian Jews' traumatic past, their high physical visibility, their differentness, and their lack of skills. "It's a rough road ahead," says Palgi.

HOW DO THE "pioneer" Ethiopian Jews feel towards the newcomers? There are some who regard them in the way German Jews once regarded the Ostjuden from Poland and Russia—as backward Jews who should be scorned. One former leader of the community whom I first interviewed 10 years ago has "dropped out" completely: he works at a bank and devotes himself to his family. He struggled for his people for years and had enough, and no one blames him. Others, like Agency worker Yossi, have rededicated themselves to helping their community.

The cover photograph on my 1974 Jerusalem Post magazine article was a portrait by Gail Rubin of a bright and beautiful young woman who had made her way to Israel after a long and difficult odyssey. Her parents and seven of her brothers were left behind.

Over the years, she and her older sister managed to bring several members of the family here, and the Israeli government brought the rest. Like some other Ethiopian Jews, she is overcome with gratitude when mentioning Menachem Begin's sincere interest and activist policies towards her community. "It was all because of Begin."

Although she believes that the government today is doing what it can, she says bitterly that nothing at all was done for 30 years. "If it hadn't been for Graenun Berger and the others in the American group, the government wouldn't have done a thing."

She herself remains only semi-active in working with the newcomers. She is employed full time as a bookkeeper in a hotel. She married a Jew from Poland and they have two small children to care for. But two of her brothers are among the young Ethiopian Jews who believe they can only achieve the goal of reuniting their families by pressing militantly for action. "No one else can do it for the Ethiopian Jews but themselves," she says.

THE AD HOC "militant" committee recently formed by a group of Ethiopian Jews does not yet have a name, but it does have a declared goal: to publicize the situation of those left behind in Africa and to "keep the pressure on" so that Israel and world Jewish organizations will do something.

The committee is made up of both newcomers and veteran immigrants. One 30-year-old man I spoke to ("no names please") said that he knows the questions involved are difficult and complex. "The government is doing something, but it's not enough—without doubt, there could be an increase in aliyah." He agrees that it is injurious to the cause to publicize certain aspects of the immigration story, "but we can't sit quietly anymore—we want our families."

He says that his group has appealed to the AAEJ to replace Murray Greenfield, who "does not have our trust and who creates nothing but trouble."

Charges that his group is made up of zealots or malcontents are dismissed: "We weigh carefully what we say," he says. "There's nobody ready to break the law or do anything radical. We have just one aim—to rally the Jewish people everywhere to help complete the exodus of the Ethiopian Jews."

THE DEATH of Pierre Jemayel last week marks the end of an era in Lebanese Maronite politics and—although this may not become apparent immediately—could also mark the start of a shift against the policies now being followed by his son Amin.

Born in 1905 and trained as a pharmacist, Jemayel founded the *Parti Democratique Social Libanais*—Lea Phalange in 1936 after a visit to Germany, where he was strongly impressed by the discipline of the Nazis. The Phalange, however, although given to fascist-style street parades and organized along fascist-style paramilitary lines, appears to have imbibed little of the ideological excesses of its European models. Certainly as far as the Jews were concerned, it engaged in none of the pogroms or anti-Semitic activities characteristic of similar parties elsewhere—although Pierre himself, according to some observers, had not been immune to the strongly anti-Semitic bias of his Jesuit education at Beirut's St. Joseph University.

The basic political goal of the Phalange was to achieve an independent, unified Lebanon that would reflect both its Christian particularity and its cultural and historic ties with the Arab world, in which the Maronites would have a dominant role in safeguarding its Christian identity and preventing its submergence in the larger Arab world.

THE PHALANGE came into its own as the predominant political force in Lebanon's Christian community during the 1976 Lebanese Civil War, and consolidated this by ruthlessly eliminating its Christian rivals—first Suleiman Franjeh in 1978 and, two years later, Camille Chamoun.

Since then, its primacy among Lebanese Christians has been unchallenged, although the traditional line laid down by Pierre began to be considerably eroded by a younger generation of Phalangists, led by his younger son Bashir, who were concerned less with maintaining Lebanon's Arab identity than with maintaining their own identity as Christians, if not in Lebanon as a whole, then at least in their own areas.

This opened the way to increased cooperation with Israel, something the traditional line espoused by Pierre made virtually impossible, given the importance it placed on building good relations, through Lebanon's Sunni Muslims, with the broader Arab world.

Cooperation with Israel reached its peak during the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon, and the line espoused by Bashir and his supporters appeared on the verge of eclipsing the traditional Phalange position when Bashir was elected president of the Republic in September that year. But Bashir never lived to take office, and with his assassination and the election to the presidency of his older brother Amin, the balance shifted back in favour of the traditional line, with relations with Israel undergoing a marked setback.

AMIN JEMAYEL had been locked in long-standing fraternal rivalry with his much more flamboyant and dynamic younger brother, which led him to take opposite positions on most issues. Thus Amin, unlike Bashir, remained firmly committed to the traditional Phalange position espoused by his father, including the need to cool relations with Israel and mend fences with the Arab world. In this he was fully backed by his father who, it appears, had been reluctant, or perhaps even afraid, to challenge the heterodox positions being taken by Bashir. Pierre's frustration at the close alliance Bashir had forged with

Lebanese shake-up

The heir-apparent to Pierre Jemayel (below) as Phalange chief is an enigmatic figure, Elie Karameh, whose accession could give Damascus a massive headache, writes Middle East Reporter David Bernstein.



Israel—to say nothing of his latent anti-Semitism—is reflected in the remark attributed to him, after his son's death: "When the day comes, we Lebanese will sue the Arab world for forcing us to cooperate with Satan."

Likewise, Pierre fully backed Amin when he made his capitulation to Syria earlier this year, and actively participated in the government his son had formed to implement *Pax Syriana* in Lebanon.

Pierre Jemayel's firm backing for his son—who was, after all, merely returning to the traditional Phalange position—has almost certainly been the main reason for Amin's ability to follow the Syrian line with a minimum of opposition both within the Phalange and within the Christian community as a whole.

MANY OBSERVERS, among them seasoned Lebanon-watcher Yossi Olmert of Tel Aviv University, are convinced that with Pierre gone, both the Phalange and the Christian community are in for a severe shake-up.

Olmert believes that the military wing of the Phalange, led by Lebanese Forces commander Fadi

Frem, is likely, after a decent cooling-off period, to intensify its opposition to Amin—something that he thinks could lead to an eventual break up of the Phalange.

For the immediate future, Olmert envisages little change on the surface, with Amin able to continue pursuing his policy of striving to preserve a unified Lebanese state and, for the time being, giving in to Syrian dictates.

In the months ahead, however, Olmert believes that both Amin and this policy are likely to come under increasing pressure, not only from Frem and others in the "reformist" camp, men such as Samir Juja and Fuad Abu Nadr, but also from the Chamounists. The Chamounists have traditionally favoured a large degree of decentralization within a unified Lebanese state—a position not unlike that espoused by Bashir's heirs in the Phalange, and not incompatible with that being taken today by Druse leader Walid Jumblatt, but currently opposed by Amin and his Syrian-backed administration.

Olmert believes, too, that it is almost inevitable that the Chamounists will take advantage of the lack of unity in the Phalange and the general

weakness of its leadership to re-establish its own claim to political primacy in Christian Lebanon. Danny Chamoun in particular, son of the octogenarian former president Camille Chamoun, is likely to attempt a political comeback after his humiliating eclipse at the hands of Bashir during the 1980 Jemayel-Chamoun showdown.

All in all, Olmert believes, the political picture has been considerably complicated by the death of Pierre Jemayel, with a weakened, divided Christian community lacking a strong leadership likely to hinder efforts to restore stability and political order to Lebanon.

NOT ALL OBSERVERS share Olmert's generally pessimistic view of the prospects for the Lebanese Christians in the months ahead.

There are those, also closely acquainted with the internal workings of Lebanon's complex Christian politics, who, while they agree with Olmert's assessment that Amin and his policies are in for a severe challenge, feel that this is likely to strengthen rather than weaken the position of the Christians as a whole.

Those who hold this view argue

Phalangist fighters pose with the flag.



FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1984

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PAGE SEVEN

'This is a section of society that cannot be ignored'

GROTESQUE and often shocking photographs of anti-Semitic street gangs of Paris will be exhibited at Tel Aviv Museum from September 11. Taken by Swedish-born Esaias Baitel, most of the black and white photographs portray sullen, heavily tattooed youths against a background of large swastikas and other mementoes of the Nazi period.

Many of the youths clutch guns or other weapons, many bear a tattooed swastika or iron cross — symbols of power — on various parts of their anatomy. Also much in evidence are heavy leather jackets with the inevitable thick zips and chains.

In these extraordinarily frank — and what some may consider offensive — photographs, Baitel portrays his subjects in the most compromising situations. A nude couple lie on a bunk bed — on the wall behind them is a flag with a swastika.

WHIAT led the 36-year-old Baitel, the son of Holocaust survivors, to photograph such a subculture? An immigrant in Paris, he originally concentrated on portraying the life of immigrant groups, particularly those from North Africa. To find his subjects, he went to the boxing clubs of Paris. And it was there that Baitel discovered the street-gangs that he was to concentrate on in the years to come. These people are usually unemployed and live in the outskirts of Paris. Those who do work find accommodation in the "foyers des jeunes travailleurs," the depressing hostels for young workers.

Attaching himself to these groups, he followed the process whereby futility, adolescent rebelliousness and the tendency to imitate others result in the worship of power symbols and violence for its own sake, racism and anti-Semitism.

Baitel says that in these photographs, which starkly carry the intensity of his experience, he has tried to show the inherent danger that exists within such a group on the so-called margins of society.

Although they have adopted Nazi symbols, most of those whom Baitel photographed apart from being rigid anti-Semites, are completely ignorant of the Nazi ideology.

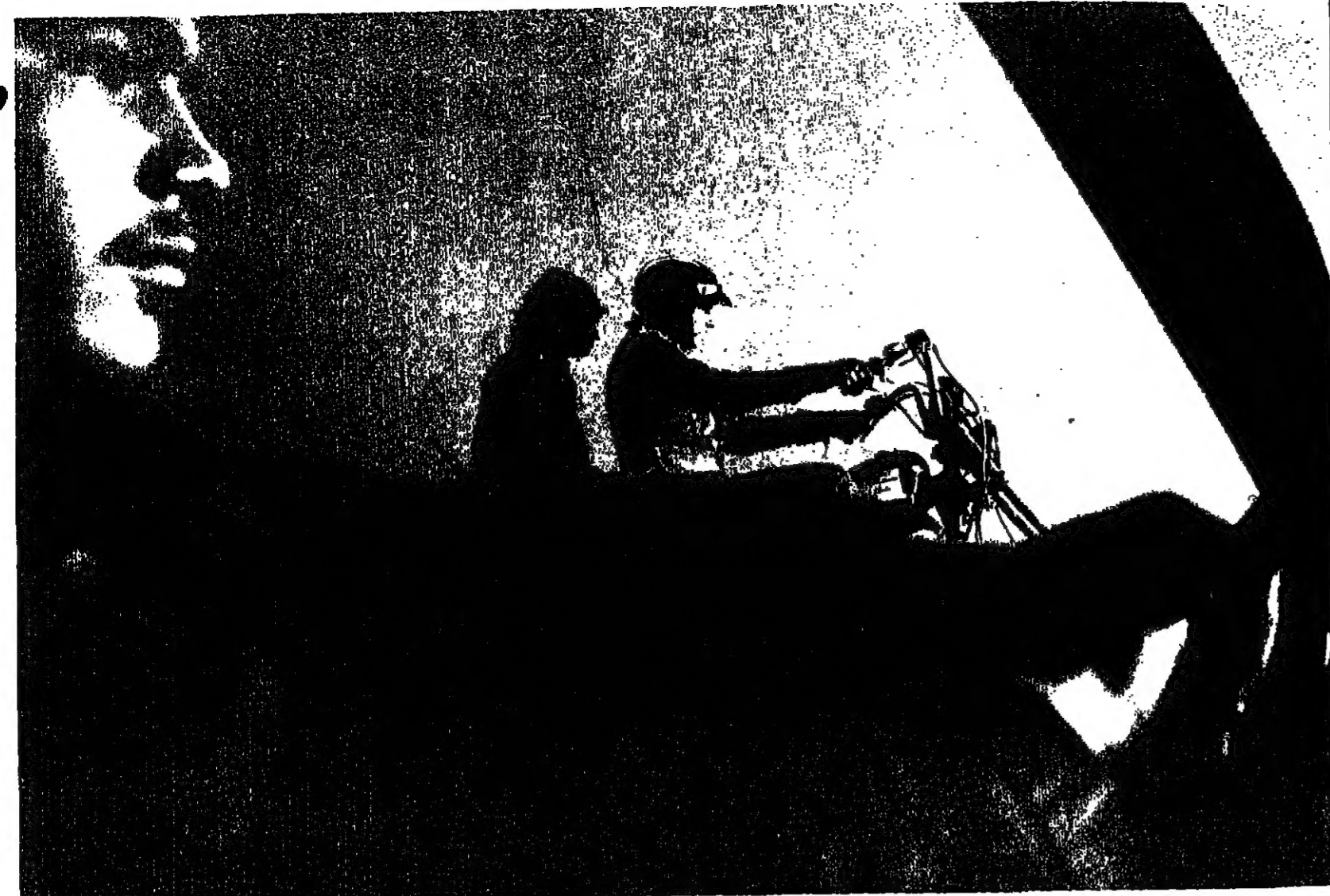
"When they are asked, usually provocatively, why they wear swastikas, they automatically answer, 'Because I am a Nazi.' Therefore they are often pushed into the role," says Baitel.

He points to the success of extreme right-wing leader Jean Marie Le Pen in the elections for the European Parliament. Le Pen gained 11 per cent of the total vote, and much of his support came from groups like these.

CONCEALING his Jewish identity, Baitel was accepted by these people because "nobody really cared about them before." They are also exhibitionists — witness the leather jackets. "Also, there is no better way to be noticed than to be photographed," Baitel adds.

His subjects allowed themselves to be intimately photographed because they felt comfortable with him around. "I did not offer any threat," he says. "I was not trying to be like one of them, so they accepted me."

In hundreds of apartments Baitel photographed "at least a thousand faces. This is a section of society that cannot be ignored. Literally tens of thousands of these people live in Paris and its suburbs."



Power worshippers

Unemployment, futility, adolescent rebellion lead to the worship of power symbols, violence and racism. Orielle Berry interviews photographer Esaias Baitel, who portrays the French experience of this danger.



PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ — With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CHASSIDIC JAZZ — With top Israeli musicians. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

DUDU TOPAZ — With a satirical programme. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

JAZZ — Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nahlat Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JERUSALEM MADRIGAL — Old and new songs. (Liberty Bell Gardens, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA — With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA — Hasidic rock with Selah. (Israel Centre, 10 Simon, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

TOFA'AH — A seven women rhythm group. For women only. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

YACOV BUDO — Performance in Yiddish. (Gerard Behar Centre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BEHIND THE SOUNDS — Matti Caspi and Shlomo Gronich. (Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

THE DUBAIM AND THE PARVARIM — (Old Jaffa, The Hamam tonight and tomorrow at 10.00 p.m.)

BAKOL OVER HARIBI — With their new programme. (Givatayim, Shavit tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

DREAM — The Train Theatre — puppet, ages 6 & over. (Liberty Bell Gardens, Thursday at 5.00 p.m.)

LEGENDS — SHADOW THEATRE — The Train Theatre, ages 5 & over. (Liberty Bell Gardens, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

MAYA THE BEE — Animation film. (Israel Museum, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 3.30 p.m.)

STORY TELLING HOUR FOR CHILDREN — In English, ages 4-6. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4.00 p.m.)

WILD SWANS — Hans Christian Andersen, ages 8 & over. (Liberty Bell Gardens, Monday at 5.00 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BEERSHEBA SINFONETTA — With the Maccabi Choir from Germany. Works by Schubert, Mozart and other. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow.)

CONCERT — With Ran Yzomach, pianist. Scarlatti, Ravel, Chopin, and others. (V.M.C.A., Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

CONCERT "PIANO TRIO" — With Idith Shagor. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

TEL AVIV AREA

DUO FLUTE AND GUITAR — Works by Handel, Fauré, Ned Rancan and other. (T.A. Museum, tomorrow.)

THE BEERSHEBA SINFONETTA — (T.A. Museum, Tuesday.)

JAZZ — Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Pimentas, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Piz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

JAZZ EVENING — With Yaron Greshinsky. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30.)

JAZZ EVENING — With "The Other Side" (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO — Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Eli Disraeli, Zipora Bat-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MENI PEER AND TUVIA TZAFIR — Saitre. (Old Jaffa, The Hamam tonight 0.15 a.m.)

MUSICAL MEETING — (Beit Leislin, Upper Celler, tonight at midnight, and Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

ONCE UPON A TIME IN FRANCE — Miriam Fuchs, tells and sings. (Beit Leislin, Upper Celler tonight at 12.00 p.m., Monday at 9.30.)

SHLOMO ARTZI — With his new programme "Dance". (Tzavta, tonight at midnight and Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR — With well-known musicians. (Beit Leislin, Sunday at 10.00 p.m.)

Haifa

BEHIND THE SOUNDS — Matti Caspi and Shlomo Gronich. (The Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ CONCERT — With Arnie Kaminski. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

Others

BEHIND THE SOUND — (Carmiel, Heichal Haharut, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

BEHIND THE SOUNDS — (Givat Haim Meuhad, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

FOLK MUSIC MARATHON — Including "Black Velvet", Irish music; Blue and White Grass, Country and Blue Grass music; Ball Oiler, Flamenco. (Ein Hod, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

HAKOLO OVER HARIBI — With their new show. (K. Shmuna, Salt Hall, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

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Sassi, Yonah and Chompi from the TV series, now in a musical show touring the country.

THEATRE

Jerusalem

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI, or THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND — Beit Leislin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Gerard Behar Centre Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

EDMOND KEAN — With Yossi Benal portraying the character of the 19th century British actor. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SIEM — The passions and struggles of 3 smithy workers. (Pargod, tomorrow and Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY — Fight of a Jewish-American homosexual to live his own life in his own way. (Gerard Behar, Centre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

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GOING HOME — A Cameri production. (Cameri, Sunday and Monday at 8.00 p.m.)

GROS CALIN — By Emil Ajar, a satire. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah tonight at 11.00 p.m.)

INTIMACY — By Sartre. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 8.45 p.m., Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WIDOW AND THE CLOWN — Mini Musical, Hasimiah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at 10.00 p.m., Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.)

LISS — A Cameri production. (Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m. — on Thursday with English translation.)

MUSICAL CABARET — By Yaron Gal. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at midnight, Monday at 9.00 p.m.)

NOT NOW MY DARLING — comedy. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10.00 p.m., tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

THE STORY — A Cameri production. (Cameri, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY — (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

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Haifa

EDMOND KEAN — With Yossi Benal. (Haifa Theatre, Monday at 8.30.)

GHEFFO — (Haifa Theatre, Monday at 8.30) with English translation.)

PASADOBI-A — Israeli play about a crazy night in a couple's life. Tzavta production. (Haifa Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SATAN IN MOSCOW — By Mikhail Bulgakov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A satire. (Haifa Theatre, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

GHEFFO — (Beersheba Theatre tomorrow at 8.30)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN — By Dalton Trumbo with Itzik Weingarten. (Kisufim, tonight at 10.

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ON/O in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri. Sept. 7
Double feature/1 ticket
PRIVATE SCHOOL 2.30
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN 4.15
Sat. Sept. 8
Pink Floyd -
THE WALL 7.30
ZORBA THE GREEK 9.15
Sun. Sept. 9
Double feature/1 ticket
PRIVATE SCHOOL 1.30
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN 5
PRIVATE SCHOOL 7
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN 9
Mon. Sept. 10
ZORBA THE GREEK 7
Pink Floyd -
THE WALL 9.30
Tue. Sept. 11
THE GODFATHER 1, 4
A DAY AT THE RACES 7
ZORBA THE GREEK 9
Wed. Sept. 12
THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH 4.30
A DAY AT THE RACES 6.45
THE GODFATHER 1, 8.45
Thur. Sept. 13
The Marx Bros. -
A DAY AT THE RACES 4.30
THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH 6.30
THE GODFATHER 1, 8.45

EDEN
5th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

RDISON
5th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA
THE CHAMPIONS
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
RAGTIME
Sat. 9.00
MAYA THE BEE
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 3.30
LE BAL
Tuesday 6, 8.30

KFIR
11th week
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MITCHELL
THE AMBASSADOR
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9

ORGIL
LES MORFALOUS
(Legion of the Brave)
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORION
THE NATURAL
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.40, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
LE BATTANT
(What a Man)
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
Sunday 15750

SEMADAR
LA TRAVIATA
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.15

RON

2nd week
BEHIND THE DOOR
Saturday 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA
SOLDIER OF THE NIGHT
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY
5th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Friday 10
Saturday 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN-YEHUDA
2nd week
STREETS OF FIRE
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH
TEL AVIV UNIVERSITY
JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
Mon. 8.30
THE VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED
Thurs. 8.30

THE HEIRESS
Thurs. 8.30

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE
Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1
12th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.25, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.25, 9.40

CHEN 2
12th week
CHAMPIONS
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.20, 9.40
Weekdays 4.40, 7.20, 9.40

CHEN 3
18th week
THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Fri. 9.45, 12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.35
MARY POPPINS
Mon. 4.45

CHEN 4
7th week
THE BIG CHILL
* CLIFF ROBERTSON
Friday 10, 12.15
Saturday 7.25, 9.40
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 5, 7.25, 9.40

CHEN 5
18th week
CROSS CREEK
Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 7.15, 9.35
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.45, 7.15, 9.35

CINEMA ONE

2nd week
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK
Friday 10
Saturday 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO
Fri. 10: Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

CLASS 86 Allenby Rd.
Israel Premiere
ESCAPE FROM THE CAGE
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL
3rd week
THE NATURAL
* ROBERT REDFORD
Sat., weekdays 7.10, 9.30

DRIVE-IN
Fri. 10 Sat. and weekdays 9.30
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
Sat. and weekdays 7.30
FOOTLOOSE
Tonight 12.15; Sat. 12 midnight
Sun. Film

ESTHER Tel. 225610
5th week
Tonight 10:
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30
LES MORFALOUS
(Legion of the Brave)

GAT
7th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30

GORDON
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
Israel Premiere
THE HERD
(English subtitles)
A new film by the director of Yoi

HOD
Tonight 10: Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
THE AMBASSADOR

LEV I
11th week
LA TRAVIATA
* TERESA STRATAS
* PLACIDO DOMINGO
* CORNELIUS MACNEIL
Tonight 9.30, 11.35; Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II
Tonight 9.30
Sat. 7.30
Weekdays 4.45, 7.15
SOLDIER OF THE NIGHT

LIMOR
2nd week
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
D.C. CABS
Sat. 11 a.m.:
SAVAGE ISLAND

MAXIM
11th week
HIGH TENSION
* MEL BROOKS
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI

13th week
Sat. 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
AGAINST ALL ODDS
* JEFF BRIDGES
* RACHEL WARD
* JAMES WOODS
ONLY

2nd week
CRACKERS
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS
7th week
Sat. 11.30, 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 6, 7.30, 9.30
THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW
Tonight 10, 12
DUCKS

PEER
3rd week
CADDIE
* HELEN MORSE
* JACK THOMPSON
"A marvelous picture: one you should travel for to see" London Evening Standard
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF
11th week
BLAME IT ON RIO
A Stanley Dunes film
* MICHAEL CAINE
* JOSEPH BLOQUIN
* MICHELLE JOHNSON
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO
4th week
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TCHOLET
5th week
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30
HORSE FEATHERS

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
25th week
French film
SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

TAMUZ
Cinema Ramat Aviv
Tel. 412761
24th week
ZIGZAG STORY
Friday night 10, 12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.40

TEL AVIV
11th week
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Today 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Tues. 2.30

LONELY HEART

ZAFON
2nd week
GARÇON
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
The historical film
CALIGULA AND MESSALINA
adults over 18 only
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ARMON
2nd week
THE NATURAL
* ROBERT REDFORD
* ROBERT DUVALL
* BARBARA HERSH
No complimentary tickets
Saturday 6.45, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15

ATZMON
3rd week
LES MORFALOUS
(Legion of the Brave)
Sat. 4, 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

CHEN
3th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MORIAH
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9
A STRANGER IN TOWN
Thurs. midnight
A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

ORAH
5th week
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ONLY
2nd week
THE BIG CHILL
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4.45, 9

PEER
Israel premiere
CHAMPIONS
A true story
* JOHN HART
* JEAN FRANCIS
* EDWARD WOODWARD
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

RON
EDDIE MACON'S RUN
* KIRK DOUGLAS
* JOAN SCHNEIDER
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT
4th week
Sat. 6.30, 9; weekdays 7, 9.15
ZIGZAG STORY

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON
12th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Friday, 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

LILY

7th week
Tonight 10:
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE

OASIS
7th week
Tonight 10: Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
ROMANCING THE STONE
Mat. 4.30:
THAT DARN CAT

ORDEA
THE AMBASSADOR
Tonight 10: Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
LE BATTANT
(What a Man)
* ALAIN DELON

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
6th week
Tonight 10:
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
POLICE ACADEMY

SAVOY
THE AMBASSADOR
Fri. 10:
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID
FOOTLOOSE
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HECHAL
4th week
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Tonight 10: Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TIFERET
UNFAITHFULLY YOURS
DUDLEY MOORE
* NATASSIA KINSKI
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM

WAR AND PEACE ON MICROFILM

Research and study is easier with professional resources at your fingertips.
For the student, researcher, journalist, writer, or diplomat who seeks the primary source of information on war and peace in the Middle East, the microfilmed pages of The Jerusalem Post are the answer.
The microfilm can be ordered by year or, newly available, complete collections of the conflict between Israel and the Arab States, divided into seven periods:

- * THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, Nov. 1, 1947 - July 31, 1949
- * THE SINAI CAMPAIGN, Oct. 1, 1956 - March 31, 1957
- * THE SIX-DAY WAR, April 1, 1967 - June 30, 1967
- * THE WAR OF ATTRITION, Oct. 1, 1967 - Aug. 31, 1970
- * THE YOM KIPPUR WAR, Oct. 1, 1973 - May 31, 1974
- * INTERVENTION IN LEBANON, March 1, 1978 - June 30, 1978
- * THE EGYPT-ISRAEL PEACE TREATY, Nov. 1, 1977 - March 31, 1979

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FILMS IN BRIEF

AGAINST ALL ODDS - Remake of a film called "Out of the Past." This version portrays a love triangle in which an American football star falls in love with a woman involved with a night-club owner. The characters, being insufficiently interesting, make for a film of little substance.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE - Stanley Kubrick's 1971 futuristic film abounds in violence and sex, in a cold, surreal setting.

A DAY AT THE RACES - The 1937 Marx brothers comedy, with Groucho as a doctor treating hypochondriac Margaret Dumont.

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM - Sequel to "Raiders of the Lost Ark." Director Spielberg takes Indiana Jones, from the seedy back streets of Shanghai in 1935, to the mysteries of a maharajah's palace in a search for ancient ritual stones with magical powers. The stunts get to steal the limelight.

FOOTLOOSE - The scene is modern America. Boy from the big city goes to a small, conservative town, and makes waves while dancing up a storm.

LE BAL (THE DANCING HALL) - Adaptation of a Parisian stage production. A wall-to-wall picture of France's history from the Thirties to the present, using music typical of each period. A pleasure to watch.

LA TRAVIATA - Director Franco Zeffirelli remains faithful to the spirit of Verdi's opera, larger-than-life, kitsch opera, and makes it work as a film. Starring Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo in the lead roles.

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH - Rock n'roll star David Bowie as a stranger on earth from outer space. Directed by Nicholas Roeg. With Candy Clark, Rip Torn and Buck Henry.

NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN - Based on "Thunderbolt," the 4th Bond film from 1965; Sean Connery is back on the screen as James Bond, this time trying to save the world from a nuclear holocaust. Generally not many redeeming features in his return.

POLICE ACADEMY - About a liberal lady mayor who opens the doors of the force to anyone who wishes to join. This film has a bit of many things - sex, violence, racial nuances, slapstick, satire and more, but they add up to no great film.

RAITIME - Miles Forman's film falls short of E. L. Doctorow's novel which describes every day and night in early 20th century America. However the cast perform well and the photography is outstanding.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK - This George Lucas-Spielberg venture chronicles the quest for the lost Ark of the Covenant. A glorious, unabashed piece of entertainment.

RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE - Set in a remote French 18th-century village, constructed as a thriller, the audience is invited to guess who the real Martin Guerre is, and



Placido Domingo and Teresa Stratas in Franco Zeffirelli's "La Traviata."

questions of ethics, morality and truth are raised. This film is a rewarding experience.

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW - An outrageous assemblage of the most stereotypical sci-fi films. Marvel comics, Frank's "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" is a parody on the horror genre, this is also one of the weirdest, funniest and sexiest films to blow our shores in a long time.

ROMANCING THE STONE - A romantic, zany adventure of a young New York writer who goes to the jungles of Columbia to save his kidnapped sister. Lots of adventure, action and danger, but at least the film doesn't take itself too seriously.

SOLDIER OF THE NIGHT - Israeli film about a young man, rejected by the army because of physical disability, who decides to start a war of his own to prove his worth. We get to see how he functions in society, but director Dan Wolman gets stuck and the film seems to progress with difficulty.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY - Tale of one and, revealing moment in the dwindling life of Monsieur L'admiral, a moderately successful and thoroughly unsatisfied artist. French director Bertrand Tavernier turns an outwardly banal day into a moving examination of a man's search for his past.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT - The relationship between a self-centered mother and her daughter over a period of 15 years. James Brooks' Hollywood production is an ideal combination of laughter and tears. Superb acting by Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger and Jack Nicholson.

VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED - Reunites the tragic episode of the "Titanic" sent by the Guinness to Cuba with 931 Jewish refugees as a propaganda move, knowing they would not be permitted to land. Max Van Sytwe stars as the anti-Nazi captain of the ship.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

Novelty Calendars

Attractive wall calendars with a dual purpose! Each calendar features six detachable cards, on four different themes. Each card is mounted on a dark background, spiral binding, PVC jacket. Includes Gregorian and Hebrew dates, Israeli and Jewish holidays. Each page 19.5cm.x30cm. Published by Rolnik-Keter Speciality Publishing. \$9.95 each, two for only \$15!

A TOURIST

Israeli Characters
Renowned, humorous cartoons of various Israeli types and their foibles: the Kibbutznik, Woman Soldier, Yiddish Mama and others. Greeting Card-style.

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Greeting cards, depicting famous Jerusalem churches, and scenes of Safed and the Sea of Galilee, in beautiful art photography.

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Fascinating, nostalgic postcards, of old-time Jewish New Year cards in English, Hebrew and Yiddish.

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A collection of prize winning children's drawings, depicting biblical scenes and heroes.

IDEAL FOR HOME OR OFFICE - OR AS A GIFT. ORDER IMMEDIATELY AND WE'LL MAIL YOUR GIFT DIRECT TO THE RECIPIENT IN TIME FOR ROSH HASHANA - BONUS: Every purchase entitles you to 12 antique Shana Tova cards, FREE!

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Please send me the calendar(s) indicated below. I enclose a cheque for IS 3,285 for a single calendar (IS 4,950 for two) (please add airmail postage as indicated if your calendar is to be gift-mailed overseas). Price valid until September 30, 1984

- ☐ Israeli Characters
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- ☐ Children Draw the Bible

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CITY
CODE
☐ Please send the Calendar as a gift to the following, and include a gift card in my name. I have added IS 495 for surface mail delivery (IS 4,485 for air mail) of each calendar.
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CITY
STATE/ZIP
COUNTRY

This Week in Israel • Th

JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS

CHUNGCHING
Kosher Chinese Restaurant
Catering service for all addresses in the city: Beit Hakerem (Smadar Gas Station) Kosher, under the supervision of the Jerusalem Rabbinate
Open noon-3 pm, 6:30 pm-midnight
122 Herzl St., corner Yefe Nof, Tel. (02) 525 152

Spaghetti
Smoked fish platters
Homemade soups and salads
Baked sandwiches
Your favorite cold cuts
Mouth-watering desserts
We cater parties up to 50
We cater parties by reservation
9 am-7 pm, Fri. 9 am-2 pm
Cardo Street, Jewish Quarter, Old City, Jerusalem

fish
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FILMS

Cinematheque

SEPT. 7-SEPT. 14
Fri. at 2 pm: *Apocalypse Now*
Sat. at 7:30 pm: *The Missionary*
9:30 pm: *Rosamary's Baby*
Dir.: Roman Polański
Mon. at 7 pm: *Another Way*
9 pm: small hall
Marriage Italian Style
9:30 pm: Mr. Klein
Tues. at 4 pm: *Chaplin's Shorts*
7 pm: *Que La Fete Commence*
9 pm: small hall
Dir.: Vera Chytilova
9:30 pm: *Moonlighting*
Wed. at 7 pm: *Rain and Shine*
9:30 pm: small hall
The Overlanders
9:15 pm: *The Right Stuff*
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Zelig*
Dir.: Woody Allen
9:30 pm: *Une Semaine de vacances*
Dir.: B. Tavernier
midnight: *California Dolls*
Fri. at 2 pm: *Gone with the Wind*
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THIS WEEK IN ISRAEL
The leading tourist magazine

THE BEST THING about this year's Venice Film Festival, from the point of view of an Israeli, is that for the first time ever, the International Film Critics' prize has gone to an Israeli movie, *Beyond the Wall*, directed by Uri Barabash.

When it is shown later this month in Israel, there will certainly be some protests about several of the film's features. The parallel drawn between the maximum security block in an Israeli jail and Israeli society as a whole will embarrass many; and the idea that terrorists can be shown, in a movie, to be anything less than barbaric monsters and that some degree of understanding can be bestowed on them will make others uncomfortable, to say the least. As for the implied message, that without the pressure of manipulating authorities, there could be some ground for understanding between Israelis and Arabs, this is the sort of conclusion some politicians will not like to live with.

Nevertheless, if the film works so beautifully it is because Barabash, whatever his political aim, manages to present human beings, human drama and human pain, which, after all, are common to people of all races and all creeds. This is what impressed the Venice audiences so much, and even those who considered that, artistically, Barabash does sometimes force his effects or use too many clichés, conceded that the end in this case justifies the means.

Even some of those who came prepared to dislike the movie intensely, for instance some Arab journalists and film-makers, could not refrain from expressing their admiration. Not to mention the fact that all the left-wing press, fixed in their traditional critical position against Israel, were astounded that such a film could be produced with substantial help from government funds and be allowed to represent the country abroad. This, they had to agree, would be out of the question in any other Middle East country. Which is the nicest compliment they could pay to Israeli democracy.

One more thing about *Beyond the Walls* and the film authorities in Israel. Of course, nobody was in Venice to help the film along, to bank on its success, to exploit it to further the interests of our cinema in general. Maybe it's as well, because their efficiency on previous occasions has been less than spectacular. Nevertheless, they should have been here, if only to learn from the Warner Bros. people, who are distributing the film worldwide, how these things are done, how to make sure that your film gets the maximum possible exposure. Sure, it doesn't make the film better; but when it's good, then it gives it the best chance to reach a wide audience.

STARTING WITH such a premise, no festival can be all bad in Israeli eyes. And once you get used to the smiling and soulful confusion that reigns on the Lido, Venice's luxurious summer resort, an island on which the entire festival is located, you can enjoy it in your own way. If the films are excellent, you can afford to be sucked into the claustrophobic atmosphere of this small, detached universe, and live on a pure, undiluted diet of cinema for 11 days. If the films are not all that great, as is the case this year, there is always the tremendous appeal of Venice itself, of the Biennale at its peak, of the lavish exhibition of Vienna 1900 put together at the Palazzo Grassi, and of the narrow streets, dark canals and gondolas, not to be found anywhere else in the world, not to mention the annual regatta in medieval costume. So you really can't complain that there's

Triumph at Venice



A scene from Uri Barabash's prize-winning Israeli film, "Beyond the Wall."

CINEMA

Dan Fainaru

nothing to do in Venice. But this being a film column, let's get back to the subject of cinema. First, some general observations.

Venice is the world's oldest film festival, started by Mussolini in the early Thirties, interrupted in World War II, resuscitated after it, interrupted again in the early Seventies by political struggles for power, and revived towards the end of the decade thanks to a delicate balance of the same political factions.

For several years now it has been trying to get back to its original splendour and the director for the last couple of years, Gian-Luigi Rondi, has dedicated it to cinema as art, implying, of course, that other events of a similar nature are becoming more and more commercialized. However, it is one thing to declare one's intentions, quite another to make them materialize. Since one hears every year about how Venice is about to fold because of budgetary problems, it is only to be expected that planning is less than perfect and the organization has to function mostly on an improvisational level.

No wonder, therefore, that many journalists are angry that they have to spend so much time on figuring out what they should see when. The foreign press is annoyed because the festival obviously started screening films a couple of days before the official opening, which means there were films they simply could not get to see. The audience in general has to suffer from imperfect projection quality and back-breaking seats in two of the festival's five operating cinemas.

AS FOR THE FILMS themselves. One naturally comes to Venice primarily to have a look at the Italian cinema. For the first week of the festival, what this had to offer was rather pitiful. Italy appears to have returned to its pre-war period, to well-fashioned films, innocuous and rather empty, without inspiration or originality. You see one film, and it immediately suggests another, much better one. Florestano Vancini's *A Glassful of Snow* would like to cash in on the reputation of *The Tree of the Wooden Clogs*. Pasquale Festa Campanile's *A Real Scandal* is a sort of second-class version of *Le Retour de Martin Guerre*. Pupi Avati's *We Three* exploits the renewed interest in Mozart's life, due to the play *Amadeus*, soon to be released in a movie version. As for Marco Ferreri's

The Future is Woman, it is such an embarrassing hotchpot of things he has said himself numerous times before about male degeneration that several of his admirers have begun to wonder whether they weren't wrong all along.

The Americans, usually those who supply the big attractions for the public at large, are represented only by one film, *Maria's Lovers*, a somewhat strange and awkward attempt by Soviet film director Andrei Konchalovsky to deal with American life. This has some good moments, but also some ridiculous ones. It is certainly not the overwhelming masterpiece some were led to expect when it was chosen to open the festival officially.

The strongest delegation by far is the French one. Not only have they four of their best directors, Alain Resnais, Eric Rohmer, Jacques Rivette and Jean Rouch in competition, but they are also presenting a film by Georgian director Otar Ioseliani, produced in France thanks to a substantial grant from the French government. Naturally, Jacques Lang, the French minister of culture, has been a guest of honour here and has been allowed once again to air his views about the duty of the European film industry, basically a cultural one, to establish its own independence in relation to the powerful American one, basically commercial.

THE MAIN EVENT of the first week of the festival was, without any doubt, a 16-hour film from West Germany entitled *Heimat - Homeland* in English. The Germans had practically to fight the Festival in order to squeeze it in, out of competition, and to arrange for its screening in four three-and-a-half-hour episodes and one of 94 minutes. But once the projections started, it became the undisputed sensation of festival-hardened journalists faced with the alternative of enduring the free sessions on murderous chairs or buying tickets for a later screening in order not to miss one iota of it.

The splendid thing about *Heimat* is that for its entire length it is never less than fascinating. On paper, it would suggest the sort of classical TV mini-series, about one family living in a small, imaginary German village, not far from the French border. It starts in 1919 and goes on until 1982, which suggests, of course, the typical TV saga, with all the trimmings and the gimmicks implied by this genre.

Not that it is not a TV saga. In its scope and its conception, *Heimat* is not all that different from the soap

(Continued on page K)



Invasion of youth

SOMETHING young, fresh and buoyant invaded the Batsheva Company's performance at the Cameri Theatre in Tel Aviv on August 28. It was brought in by Daniel Ezralow (remember *Momix*?), two of whose works were premiered - and that in itself was evidence of his gusto. If more were needed, it came with his participation in his own choreography - a duet entitled *Brothers*, which he shared with David Dvir. Visiting choreographers rarely appear in their own works. The last I remember is Pearl Lang, also for Batsheva.

Brothers - Ezralow in a black swimsuit, Dvir in white - was the story of a lifetime, and yet no story. Here were two men, antagonistic and affectionate, fighting and friendly, with high-spirited energy and athletic voltage. It all looked kinetically spontaneous, but could have been so coordinated only with care.

This work, which was created two years ago, could hardly have been better done. The Stravinsky music could hardly have been better chosen, its clashing and contrivances, its warmth and bustle matching the fraternal relationships until, silently, the two men walked away from each other.

Ezralow's curiously named *Dogfish*, created for the company, had the qualities that go with youth and invention. It included waves (and a fish mouth) simulated with heaving cloth; it had clouds of smoke and fire. Yet there was neither a sense of danger (despite a "drowning" dancer) nor one of terror (though heads and bodies rose from the "ground"). The happy mood was set at the start by the irrelevant and irreverent interpolation of an announcer's voice beginning the midnight news.

Demands on the strength and stamina of the dancers were gutsy, but they manifested a pleasure that communicated itself to the audience. It was indeed a beautiful, bouncing work to Ezralow's music cocktail, which featured Andreus Vollenieder's "Steps Ahead" as a main ingredient.

It said much for Siki Kol's *A Catch* that it held its own between such bright pieces. Yet the contrast was deep and wide. Whatever the title was intended to mean, the work had the contours of a Catch-22 situation. Nobody seemed able to win.

Dvir, as the central figure, was an image of suffering, and the figure that never faded the audience suggested inexorable doom. Yet it was all keenly organized, capturing one's

DANCE

Dora Sowden

interest if not one's emotions.

The repeat of Ze'eva Cohen's *Wilderness, Swamp and Forest* did not change my view that its twitches and jerks were too obviously impressionistic, obviously "abstract," obviously obvious. Period.

READY to set a new work for the Bat-Dor Company, Domy Reiter-Soffer is home from what must be one of his most triumphant years abroad. Invited by Maina Gielgud, formerly a brilliant ballerina who now directs the Australian Ballet, he mounted his *Equus* in the Sydney Opera House - "an incredible experience in an incredible building." The work had already been staged with acclaim in the United States. In Australia, it ran for six weeks to full houses.

Critics preferred Soffer's ballet to Shaffer's famous play. They called it "a ballet of stunning power," "wondrous and vital."

For the 10th anniversary of the Irish National Ballet, Soffer created his first full-length three-act work, *Lady of the Camelias*. The *Irish Times* said it was the best "of all the splendid ballets he has created for the Irish National Ballet." Fernau Hall of the London Daily Telegraph came to see it in the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and thought it "fascinating...creating remarkable dance images."

Soffer used neither the "La Traviata" libretto nor Verdi music. He went to the original Alexandre Dumas fils novel and took music from Saint-Saëns. Verdict: "Perfect melding."

What he is most pleased about is that he has been "branching out." He has just had a one-man show of his paintings at the Wayne Gallery in Bond Street - his third in London. In November, he will direct his second play for the Abbey Theatre: Sheridan's *School for Scandal*. The first won an award for best production.

"Doing other things helps me come back to dance with a new outlook. I see the colours, the light, the costumes, the dancers, differently, perhaps demand more," he said.

The work for Bat-Dor, *After Midnight*, is a "light impression" to music by Count Basie and others. It will be staged in October.

TWO newly published books in Hebrew are valuable additions to the sparse literature on dance in Hebrew. One is *Dance Among the People of Israel* by Zvi Friedhaber. The other is a translation of Doris Humphrey's *The Art of Making Dances* by Dov Harpaz.

Friedhaber is an authority on dance. A graduate in Jewish and general history, he has researched and collected material on Jewish dance for more than 30 years. He contributes to publications here and abroad. His folk dance teaching and choreography have enriched the Israeli dance scene.

His book *Dance Among the People of Israel* (183pp., 1990) has been published by the Wingate Institute. Its selections deal with "The Life of Dance and Custom in Ancient Times," "Our People's Dances in the Middle Ages," "Customs in Dance in the Life Cycle," "Dances at Israeli Festivals," "Hasidic Dance," "Israeli Folk Dance in Recent Years." There is a bibliography (302 items) and there are lively illustrations, though one could have wished for more.

Harpaz's translation of Humphrey's *The Art of Making Dances* (157pp; no price stated) is really a pioneer work. Edited by Giora Manor, it has been published under the auspices of the Dance Library of Israel, part of the Central Library for Music and Dance in Tel Aviv.

Humphrey was one of the great American creators of modern dance, in her way as important as Martha Graham in the exploration of movement, its methods and meanings. Her book was published in 1959, a year after her death, and is still a work of reference. What she taught and what she wrote are still significant aids in the performance and creation of dance, though her theories are not so generally accepted today.

With Charles Weidman she formed and danced in a group that exerted great influence on the course of contemporary dance. When, because of an arthritic hip ailment, she gave up dancing, she was an even greater force as a teacher, a director and a choreographer.

Her ideas on "fall and recovery" (like Graham's "contraction and release") and "moving from the inside out" still hold good - as does her devotion to structure and craft in creating dance.

One of her works, *The Shakers*, was staged here by the Bat-Dor Company some time ago.

This Week in Israel • Th

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This Week in Israel: The Jerusalem Museums

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

Anselm Kiefer: new German paintings
12 Pages from the Cairo Geniza
Placeline - children's works on show, plus activity corner (Ruth Youth Wing)
Happy Accidents - Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray
Scraps - crafting home theatre sets and greeting cards (Ruth Youth Wing)
Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology

SPECIAL EXHIBITS:
Ludwig Schwegler - an exhibition commemorating the first anniversary of the artist's death. Until Sept. 11.
Sephardic Jews of the Ottoman Empire - in honor of Mr. Jacques Levy
The Akshaf Mosaic - a bronze mosaic for grinding drugs used in 17th century Italy.
A Masterpiece of Greek Pottery - a giant kylix of the late 6th century

ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM:
Egypt - The Other Side of the River: funerary objects from Ancient Egypt

TICHO HOUSE:
Works by Anna Ticho, Hanukkah lamps collected by Dr. Ticho, library and garden cafe.

EVENTS

SPECIAL SCREENING:
Saturday, September 8 at 21.00 and Tuesday, September 11 at 18.00 and 20.30
LE BAL (France 1982)
Dir.: Ettore Scola; with La Troupe du Theatre du Campagnol

CHILDREN'S FILM:
MAYA THE BEE (Hebrew dubbing)
Sun., Sept. 9, Mon., Sept. 10, Wed., Sept. 12, Thurs., Sept. 13 at 15.30

SPECIAL SCREENING:
Saturday, September 15 at 21.00
RAGTIME (USA 1981)
Dir.: Miles Forman; with James Cagney, Brad Dourif

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Registration now taking place for children's classes for the 1984-5 school year. Registration for Art Courses for Adults begins September 16. For further details please call (02) 633278.
Recycling workshop is open Monday 14.00-17.00 and Tuesday 16.00-20.00. The project encourages creative use of waste materials.
Sculpture Marathon: Sept. 16-20, mornings. Sculpting for advanced students. Registration in the Youth Wing (02) 633278.
Storytelling hour for children aged 4-8: Tuesday Sept. 11 at 16.00

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun. 11.00 & 16.00; Tues. 16.30; Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00
Archaeology Galleries: Monday at 16.00
Shrine of the Book: Tuesday at 16.00
Rockefeller Museum: Friday at 11.00

VISITING HOURS
Museum - Galleries and Shrine of the Book: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-22.00 (Shrine 10.00-22.00); Fri., Sat. 10.00-14.00
Library: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Graphics Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 9.30-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri., Sat. 10.00-14.00
Ticho House - Galleries: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-18.30
Tues. 10.00-22.30; Fri. 10.00-13.30
Garden Cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-midnight; Fri. 10.00-16.00

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Some galleries may be closed temporarily due to development work

Tickets for Saturdays - available in advance at the Museum and at the Kila'im ticket agency, Jerusalem

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THE QUIET period between the end of the concert season in July and the High Holidays in October provides a breathing space for some book and record reviews. Here are some recently-released records of special interest.

Romantic Music for Flute and Piano presents the husband-and-wife team Erella and Yoav Talmit, who have returned to Israel after an absence of some 12 years. Both are native-born Israelis, who happily grabbed the chance to return when Yoav was offered the musical directorship of the Israel Chamber Orchestra for the coming season.

The music on this record, released by Jerusalem Records (ATD 8401), includes a *Rondo* by Franz Xaver Mozart, the youngest son of Wolfgang Amadeus, born less than six months before his father's death in 1791. He was a fairly prolific composer, but hardly known in wider circles. The *Rondo* is a pleasant piece, with traces of Schubert making it quite appealing. Franz Xaver Mozart died in 1844.

Another item is the Violin Sonata opus 100 by Dvorak, which Talmit adapted for flute, a treatment eminently suited to this charming music, with its flavour of folklore.

The reverse side of the record offers two works by French composers: Poulenc's Sonata of 1956 (he lived from 1899 to 1963), and four unconnected pieces by Fauré (1845-1924): *Fantaisie* (opus 79), *Moreau de concertos*, *Percussion* and the *Sicilienne*, opus 78.

All the pieces on this record are performed with musical competence and perfect team-work, each different style being given its due. The technical execution is absolutely clear, without any background noises whatsoever. This is a most pleasant release.

ANOTHER flute record, entitled *Flute Sounds from Jerusalem*, features Rikman Eylon, with Ya'acov Shilo at the piano. Recorded at the Jerusalem Music Centre and pressed in Western Germany by EMI-Electrola (P668.763), their release is somewhat flat in sound and pedantically performed, although, of course, it is musically correct and technically flawless. It offers a choice of rarely heard music, which will commend it to collectors.

Pierre's *Nocturne*, Schumann's *Three Romances*, op. 94 and Godard's *Legende Pastoral* evoke limited interest.

The other side has Ernest Bloch's *Suite modale*, "unravelling like a history of the Jewish people - many questions, few answers," according to the notes, whatever listeners may make of the comment. There is also a somewhat insignificant short piece by Carl Nielsen, called "The Fog is Lifting."

The record gets its title from Aharon Harlap's *Scenes of Jerusalem*, written for Eylon. But there the connection stops. *Scenes*, although furnished with explanatory subtitles, lacks programmatic content; only towards the end is some oriental atmosphere created. The whole opus is rather sketchy and only superficially descriptive.

Finally, Ra'an'an Eylon's own *Flutecase II* is "a recorded piece combining flute lines and sustaining vocal drones which at times merge almost totally." I have quoted the "explanation" on the cover as, to me, this piece makes neither sense nor music. Interesting? perhaps. I wonder whether, perhaps, my record has a technical defect, causing the needle to get stuck in the same groove? Or was this effect intended by the "composer"?

Another controversial record is

Nuptial harmony



MUSIC & MUSICIANS/Yohanan Boehm

Genesis by Meir Mindel, with the Mor-Li Recorder Consort directed by Michael Melzer (IMI Records 20004). Recorded at Kibbutz Ha'ogen and produced by the Israel Barzilai Cultural Foundation at Kibbutz Negbu, it offers, "The Catch," "Grottesque" and "Agony," in addition to "Genesis."

Born in Russia in 1946, Mindel arrived in Israel in 1958 and lives in Negbu. He studied composition with Abel Ehrlich, and searches for new sounds, taking a philosophical view of our world and its problems. At the age of 36, he was awarded a prize for young composers by the Israel Music Institute. To quote from the notes:

"The composition focuses on the birth of a new entity. It starts with an expression of chaos-sounds with no distinct pitch. Out of this suspended happening, the first musical note on earth begins to emerge. Once born, the new note acquires a personality and imposes around it a severe and strict order. Then, out of the discipline bursts the 'anti-establishment' sound. The community of sounds, with the rebel in it, experiences struggle, acceptance, and again, an outbreak. The end of the composition marks the termination of the acoustic epic of the entity, born of nothing." Get the hang of it?

To ensure the listener's enjoyment, elucidations in English and Hebrew are recorded together with examples of how to produce the sounds in question. The reverse side goes on in similar vein, and I tried in vain to get some musical sense out of the bird calls (Messiaen is nothing in comparison), shouts and isolated sounds on various recorders. Poems by Meir Mindel are also recited in English and Hebrew - perhaps with the view of exporting this example of Israeli composition?

Only in *Grottesque* (without words in either English or Hebrew), does the composer display some sense of humour and the Mor-Li quartet, which commissioned it, performs accordingly. It is the only coherent piece on this record.

BETH HATEFUTSOTI, the Diaspora Museum in Tel Aviv, has issued the first of a planned series of records about the musical traditions of various communities. Dedicated to the Jews of Morocco, it contains chants sung by Rabbi David Bouzaga, recorded by Prof. Haim Zafrani in Casablanca in 1957. In a separate booklet published in Hebrew and French and edited by Dr. Avner Bahat, Zafrani has also contributed an introductory article on "Jewish Song in Morocco," and Abraham Amzallag writes about the "music of the Bakashot."

The record, issued by Eastonics, Israel, under the RCA Red Label, gives typical examples of Moroccan musical traditions in fine sound on a clear surface. These excerpts, which show the rich culture of this particular community, should be of great interest to those engaged in liturgical research, as well as lovers of synagogue chant with a difference.

FOR OPERA-FANS, Jerusalem Records has issued a record of mostly Bellini music and arias sung by young Bulgarian bass Assen Vasilev (who spent three years with the now-defunct Israel National Opera, 1979-1982).

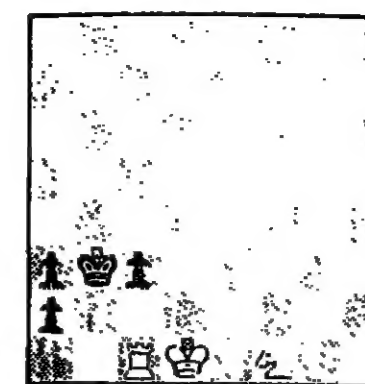
Bellini (1801-1836) and Donizetti (1797-1848), the greatest opera composers in Italy before Verdi, are represented by excerpts of largely unexciting but harmonious music of Italian loveliness in which the singer makes the most effective use of his warm vocal qualities. "I Puritani," "Norma" and "La Sonnambula," by Bellini, and one scene and aria from *Lucia di Lammermoor* by Donizetti are richly performed by the Svetoslav Obretenov Bulgarian National Choir and the Sofia Philharmonic Orchestra. The conductor is Edward Downes, presently principal conductor of the BBC Philharmonic and of the Netherlands Radio Orchestra.

This record will make a most pleasant addition to any collector's library.

CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3189
YEHUDA ROCH, Petah Tikva



Black to play, White wins (3-4)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3187 (Retter). Set play: 1. - Qc1 (Qd2), Rc4, Nf5, Rg6 2. Nf6, Ndb6, Nb8, Nf8; Solution: 1. Rc5! threat 2. Kf8; 1. - Qc1 (Qd2), Rc4, Nf5, Rg6. 2. Ndb6, Nb8, Nf8, Nf6.

KRISTOL WINS CORRESPONDENCE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

LOVA KRISTOL, Israel Women's Champion, won the third Women's Correspondence World Championship, after a struggle which lasted nearly six years. In the finals, Kristol garnered 11 points and came

ahead of seven competitors from the USSR as well as players from Hungary, Poland, Yugoslavia, Sweden and West Germany.

Kristol's chances for winning the coveted title were quite clear nearly a year ago, but her game with Kvitkovskaya of the USSR came to a sudden halt when the Russian failed to answer Kristol's letters. Only after intervention by the umpire E. Winkler of East Germany, tournament director H. Massoff (who is also chairman of the International Correspondence Federation) and N. Yungreitz, in charge of the correspondence chess in Israel, did the Russian reply. Some time ago Kvitkovskaya announced her resignation and thus cleared the way for Kristol's victory.

Lova Kristol is the third world champion. The first two women to win the title were Soviet players. Among the competitors in the present championship were former world champion Olga Rubtsova and the well-known master Marta Litinskaya. The runner-up of the event was Ritova of the USSR. Lova Kristol was a member of the Israeli women's Olympic team which won the gold medal in the 1976 Haifa Olympiad.

Kristol was invited to attend the congress of the International Correspondence Federation in Pula, Yugoslavia, where she will officially receive the title and the gold medal.

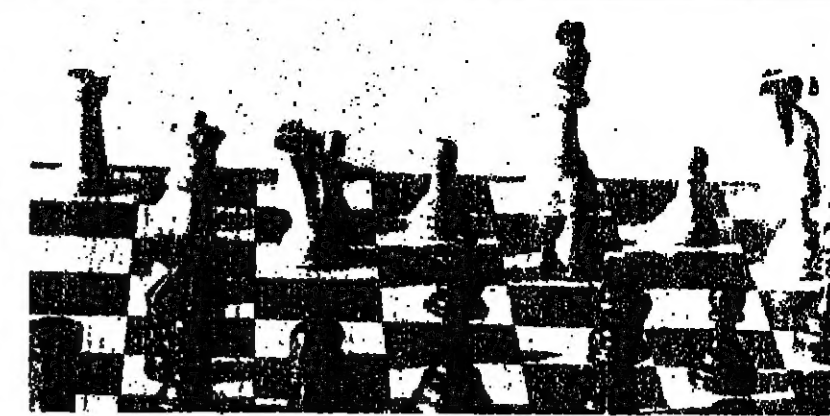
PETROSIAN'S LEGACY

FROM THE rich legacy of Tigran Petrosian here is the fifth game of the world championship match with M. Botvinnik.

PETROSIAN BOTVINNIK
1.e4 g6 2.d4 Nf6 3.Nc3 d5 4.Nf3 Bg7 5.e3 0-0 6.Be2 dxc 7.Be4 c5 8.d5 e6 9.de Qd1 10.Kd1 Be6 11.Be6 fe 12.Kc2 Nc6 13.Rd1 Rad8 14.Rd8 Rd8 15.Ng5! Ke8 16.Nge4 Ne4 17.Ne4 b6 18.Rh1 Nh4 19.Bd2 Nd5 20.a4 Rc8 21.b3 Bf8 22.Rc1 Be7 23.b4! c4 24.b5 Kf7 25.Bc3 Ba3 26.Rc2 Nc3 27.Rc3 Bb4 28.Rc2 Ke7 29.Nd2 c3 30.Ne4 Ba5 31.Kd3 Rd8 32.Kc4 Rd1 33.Nc3 Rh1 34.Ne4 Rh2 35.Kd4 Kd7 36.g3 Bb4 37.Kc5 Rh5 38.Kf6 Be7 39.Kg7 e5 40.Rc6! Rh1 41.K7 Ra1 42.Rc6 Bb8 43.Rd6 Kc8 44.Kc8 Be7 45.Rc6 Rd1 46.Ng5 Rd8 47.K7 Rd7 48.Kg8. Black resigns.

USSR vs. REST OF THE WORLD

TIMMAN KASPAROV
1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nc6 3.Bb5 a6 4.Ba4 Nf6 5.0-0 6.Be2 Be7 6.Re1 b5 7.Bb3 d6 8.c3 0-0 9.h3 Re8 10.d4 Bb7 11.Ng5 Rf8 12.Nf3 Re8 13.Nbd2 Bf8 14.Be2 Nb8 15.b4 Nbd7 16.a4 Nb6 17.ab ab 18.Ra8 Qa8 19.Bd3 ed 20.Nd4 Ne4 21.Ne4 Be4 22.Be4 Re4 23.Nf5 Qd5! 24.Nd4 g6 25.Re4 Qe4 26.Qe2 Qb1 27.Qf1 Nc4! 28.Qf1 Qa1 29.Qe1 Qb1 30.Kf1 h6 31.Bf4 Qd3 32.Kg1 g5 33.Bc1 d5 34.Be3 Bg7 35.g4 Kh7 36.Qc1 Be5 37.Kg2 Kg6 38.Kg1 Bd4 39.Bd4 Nd2 40.Kg2 Qe4



BRILLIANT TOUCH

White - Kg2; Qc2; Ra1, Rh1; Bb2; Nf4; Pa2, b3, c4, d5, f3, g3, (12) Black - Kh8; Qd7; Ra8, Re3; Bb6; Nf6; Pa6, b7, c6, d6, g7, h7, (12). 1.Rh7! Nh7 2.Rh1 Kg8 3.Qh7 Kf8 4.Ng6. Black resigns. (Flohr-Rovner, Tartu, 1950.)

ART OF ATTACK

White - Kb1; Qf3; Rc1, Rc2; Bd1; Nd2, Nd4; Pa2, b2, c3, f2, g2, h3, (13) Black - Kg8; Qe8; Re7, Rc8; Bg7; Ne5, Nd6; Pa5, b6, d5, f7, g6, h7, (13).

Black to play.
1. - Bd4 2.ed Nd3! 3.Re7 (3.Qd3 Re2) 3. - Re7 4.Re7 Qe1 5.Kc2 Nb4 6.Kb3 Qd2 7.a3 Nd3 8.Qd5 a4. White resigns. If 9.Ka4 then 9. - h5 10.Kb3 Qb2x. (Klarner-Vaganian, Tallin, 1968.)

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An aroma of olives

I'M TOLD that the last time anyone went to Metulla for a meal was in the early 1950s, when rationing and austerity controls made every morsel of meat a luxury.

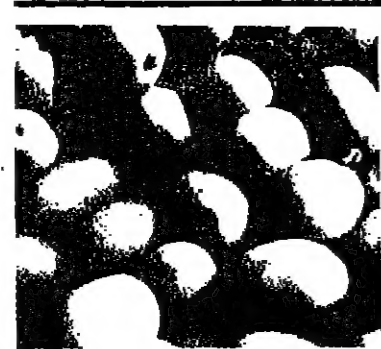
Those were the days when one visited Metulla for a chicken dinner, it being understood by everyone concerned that the chickens had come from friendly Lebanese farmers on the other side of what was officially the border of an enemy country. At the time, it was said, the average innkeeper in Israel's northernmost settlement didn't even know what the official ration coupons looked like.

Nowadays the place isn't exactly known for its cuisine, although the steady flow of outsiders, brought there by the ongoing hostilities, might well be expected to want a bite to eat from time to time. We expected to exist on falafel during a recent visit there until we called on some friends at a kibbutz in the region.

With a minimum of effort, they convinced us to forgo the congealed bluish scrambled eggs that we could expect from the kibbutz dining hall and try Ba-Goren, Metulla's latest "rustic" restaurant. A sign, albeit only in Hebrew, directs one to the restaurant as one begins one's ascent into the northern township.

The restaurant is situated on the hillside, and the only thing that makes its view of the Hula valley less than spectacular is the fact that there are far more impressive vantage points elsewhere in the area. It is this, I suppose, that makes most of the diners prefer the rough wooden tables and benches inside the restaurant to the garden tables outdoors.

MATTERS OF TASTE
Haim Shapiro



headly aroma of fresh olive oil that seems to permeate the premises. Indeed, among the seemingly limitless selection of dishes that constitute the "salads" of the first course, there is one of aromatic green olive oil into which to dip hot pita. We were also offered za'atar (dried wild herbs crushed with salt), fresh tomatoes, black olives and salty cheese, two kinds of bruised peppers, one hot and one mild, and of course such staples as humous, tehina, eggplant salad and Turkish salad, with a large bowl of mejadra, or rice with lentils.

All this was accompanied by a bottle of Carmel Carignan, chilled and served without ceremony in glass tumblers. One could not really complain about the chilling of a red wine as this variety is really not so subtle as to suffer from such treatment, and the icing makes it rather refreshing.

In keeping with the character of the eating place, we didn't hesitate to reach across the table to wipe up a bit of humous with our pita.

Out of duty towards our readers, we felt called upon to choose a wide

selection of main courses. I tried the "milk-fed" veal steak, served on a plank. It was, I admit, far better than I had expected, no doubt because someone had cheated and let the calf graze a little and acquire a taste of mountain herbs that was far from the blandness one associates with veal.

My companion's mixed grill, served in a large bowl, was inspired by the type of item that has become standard fare in Jerusalem in the wee hours of the morning - a mixture of chicken innards and bits of meat, grilled with plenty of onion and highly seasoned. It was a long way from Jerusalem but, as far as I was concerned, it did not suffer from the distance. The mixture featured rather more bits of meat and fewer innards, the seasoning was a bit more subtle, and the whole mess had not had the living daylight fried out of it.

Really good were the sausages we ordered for the children. Naturally the children did not touch them. If not home-made, then the sausages must have been made by a butcher with a great deal of integrity. They were among the best sausages I have ever eaten in Israel, and were certainly better than a great many I have tried elsewhere in the world.

Having done our duty with the main course, we were quite unable to try the dessert, although we heard wonderful tales of lovely oriental pastries filled with figs and apricots. For those hardy enough to visit Metulla in the winter, we were told, there is a wood stove on which the waitress prepares Turkish coffee.

It is a bit difficult to figure out what the meal would have cost for a couple: assuming that two people could consume all those salads and still order main courses and a bottle of wine, it would come to ISL 500.

ANOTHER attraction inside is the

The will to win
SCRABBLE
Sam Orbaum

Gary slammed down a 171-point triple-triple-word play, MASTERED. Bill could only counter with a miserable 10-point AALIL, and found himself trailing 473-272. Three turns later, Gary continued the romp with a XU/XU/UIT triple-letter adjacent play for 53 points and an "insurmountable" 272-point lead (562-290).

Bill could not hope to bounce back at this stage, but he was not about to quit. He exchanged letters, shooting for the remaining blank - and got it. He set up an opening, which Gary didn't bother to block. He balanced his rack to complement the blank and the QU he picked up. And with one letter left in the bag, losing by a whopping 255 points (568-313), Bill Griffin became an instant legend; he won, with a 293-point triple-triple-word bingo - ADEQUATE - and an amazing 630-588 victory. The unbelievable combined score of 1218 set an unofficial record, and the losing score of 588 is undoubtedly the highest ever recorded in club or tournament play.

Midway through the game, Gary Creager was leading Bill Griffin 298-218. Bill ran into a stretch of poor draws and when, three turns later,

Late in the game, a player noticed a spot on the board that with the right letters could recoup the large margin in his opponent's favour. He played off as many tiles as possible, shooting for the needed letters while at the same time scoring points to stay within range. On the final draw from the bag, he got what he needed - E, R, Trailing 383-307 on his last turn, he used three tiles - the not-so-potent E, R and D - to extend QUITE to REQUESTED over two triple-word squares, for an astounding 162 points. His stunned opponent might have appreciated James Joyce's line, "I fear those big words."

ROZ GROSSMAN, the New York Scrabble Master now visiting Israel, dropped in at the Jerusalem Scrabble Club and gave a sparkling display. Taking on the club's top four players, Roz racked up the highest losing score in club history, losing to No. 2 ranked Zelig Leader 449-431. Three games later she smashed the long-standing club record for high winning score: her 620-333 victory over the club's No. 1 ranked Don Wilk was the first 600-game ever in Israel. The 953 combined score bettered the previous club record of 902 by a wide margin, her five bingos in the game were the most by one player, and the six bingos by both players set another mark. She also became the first person in the club to lose two 400-point games in one session, when Zeev Kesselman of Moshav Elazar beat her 412-402.

The following week she returned to win five out of five, with scores of 479, 479, 325, 475 and 357. Roz is planning to make aliya in about two years.

(Continued from page 11)

operas offered by the American networks. That is, until you take one look at it - and then everything falls into place. Director Edgar Reitz may use, as a basis, a hackneyed formula, but the affection he has for every tiny detail, every secondary character, and the tight relation between the people he talks about and the land they live on, is something to marvel at.

VISUALLY, it is a stunning piece of work, because it stays at a very high level throughout, a feat seldom, if ever, encountered in such long-term enterprises (it took no less than two years to shoot the epic). Mostly black and white in the first episodes, with short colour inserts to stress certain points, it moves increasingly into colour, in the later episodes using black and white to underline sequences. Unlike most TV films, which focus on the faces, since the details of long shots are lost on a small screen anyway, Reitz never shuns - as a matter of fact he even welcomes - any chance to connect his characters to their background and establish the strong ties binding them together.

Thematically, by choosing a remote place in Germany, he could afford to deal with the political aspects of this period in an indirect way, never attacking the leading figures frontally but following the result of their actions on the periphery. This doesn't mean that Reitz minimizes the terrible horror of the Nazi period; it puts it into an even more frightening light, for it shows how easily it happened and how little resistance was put up against it.

Reitz, one of the initiators of the young German cinema, who had been in disgrace after the artistic and commercial failure of his last movie, *The Tailor from Ulm*, was overjoyed by the impression his film left here. He recounted how he put the entire story together, using many real incidents to fill out his basic tale of the Simon family, starting from the moment the son, Paul, comes back from World War I, through his marriage, his departure for America, the Nazi period, the post-war crisis followed by the economic boom. Reitz leaves the village after the death of Paul's wife, in a nostalgic mood, having conveyed only too well his sadness at the extinction of a world whose beauties and values may have been vastly underrated in the modern haste to change everything.

WHILE TWO German TV channels financed this tremendous project, which manages to remain intimate in spite of its scope, and except for some small digressions does not leave the village of Shabbach, many cinemas in Germany are showing a keen interest in the film. They programme it at a weekend, from two o'clock in the afternoon until late at night, with dinner served in the intermission. Everywhere it has been screened it has been a remarkable success. Indeed, watching some of the world's most influential film reviewers abandon the newest and most fashionable films shown in Venice in order to come back, day after day, to see *Heimat* became one of the most astonishing features of the festival.

Which goes to show that when one has the talent and the sensitivity of a Reitz, there is nothing wrong with TV sagas and one doesn't have to be vulgar, crass and obvious in order to succeed.

It also shows that not even the most experienced festival directors know exactly what is good for them. For this film, almost rejected by Venice, is now its pride and joy.

Noteworthy excavations

The crater of a volcano-like mountain in the desert is not the sort of place you would go to spend an afternoon. Yet hundreds of people clambered up the slopes of Herodian last week to attend a concert by the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra.

The last time a concert was performed there, the benefactor was none other than King Herod himself - 2000 years ago. Last week's production was staged among the excavated ruins of the ancient palace-fortress, and included such works as Ernest Bloch's *Schelomo* and the Hebrew slaves' chorus from Verdi's *Nabucco*.

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2. "The Voyage of the Damned" Starring: Faye Dunaway, Max Von Sydow, James Mason, Orson Welles. In English with Hebrew subtitles. Monday, September 10 at 8.30 pm.
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1. "Hebrew and Yiddish under One Roof" A study evening on the occasion of the publication of the bilingual book "Bridges" (Gesharim-Bricman). Participants: Dr. Zion Bar-Tana, B. J. Michail, Rivka Bassman, Itzhak Yanosovitz. Moderator: Itzhak Korn. Tues., Sept. 11 at 8 pm.
2. "Rabbi Chaim Ben Ahar and the Hassidic Doctrine" A study evening. (In cooperation with "Peamim" Journal). Participants: Dr. Dan Manor, Dr. Elazar Tovitou. Moderator: Yitzhak Bezelel. Wed., Sept. 12 at 8.30 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus at Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 426161. Buses nos. 13, 24, 26, 27, 46, 48, 74, 79, 274, 672.

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Home-made humbug

SOUND THE trumpets, beat the drums, let the television viewers of Israel rejoice and raise their voices in hosannas of praise, for a new day has dawned—or, rather, a new night, if I may mix my metaphor. I am not referring to such an unimportant matter as a possible government, but to something that may really enrich our lives—the appearance of *Revire Dure*, a new indigenous fictional series produced by Israel Television.

Last year we enjoyed enormously *Relatives and Neighbours*, but that was made by Educational Television. Many years have passed since Israel Television did that series about the schoolteachers, so we have reason to celebrate that we have another one in Hebrew, made by Israel, to supplement the long series of imports.

The subject appears to be a very suitable one. In very few countries in the world, during periods of peace, is there a phenomenon like Israel's reserve duty. This spans the rifts between Jewish Israelis coming from different countries, and holding different views about religion and politics. It is a great unifying experience, spanning the generation gap, although it does have the disadvantage that it is almost entirely for men only, and tends to divide the sexes.

War has been described as long periods of utter boredom interspersed by patches of intense terror. But reserve duty, apart from service during Israel's major campaigns, the wars of attrition and the ongoing conflict in Lebanon, does not usually involve fear of death or mutilation, although the boredom is certainly there.

As against the ennui, reserve duty does provide an opportunity to get away from the humdrum problems of daily life, to enjoy the comradeship of men with a common purpose, and to play at a sort of glorified boy scouts or camping expedition. Melville commented correctly, "All wars are boyish, and are fought by boys." Reserve duty and is so vital an aspect of Israeli life that the idea of doing a series about it is one to be commended most heartily.

HAVING WRITTEN all this, I fear that I have to add that the first episode, "Yes, sir!" was a rather clumsy opening to the series. The theme was an improbable one: a red-headed, autocratic, capricious officer leads a group of five involuntary volunteers on an absurd expedition, and sets them such zany tasks as digging five pits in the desert under a blazing sky. Even mad dogs and Englishmen would have questioned such an order.

It turns out that he is really a mentally deranged escapee from a closed hospital, and dangerous at that: the whole country has been searching for him.

Thus the subject is somewhat reminiscent of Wouk's *Caine Mutiny*, where the men on a warship ultimately revolt against their mad captain. It might have been conceivable that something like this could happen in the IDF to soldiers on full-time service; but it was hard to accept that such an incident could occur in a reserve unit. The relationship between officers and men in such a unit is hardly such that an insane sadist could get away with inflicting such treatment on his men.

Admittedly, Eilon Goltsein, head of ITV's drama department, never claimed that the producers were



TELEREVIEW

Philip Gillon

aiming at authenticity. "If we had been sticklers for authenticity," he said, "the end result would have been one big bore."

This is certainly correct, but it is vital for any dramatic work to seem authentic and consistent while we are watching it; it may deal with sprites and monsters, like *The Tempest*, but it must be so convincing that we suspend disbelief for a space. We did not do so during the Monday night episode.

The presentation of the mentally ill officer, first as a sadistic tyrant and then as a buffoon howling for his mama, was such an old-fashioned travesty as to be positively laughable.

I only hope that the coming episodes will justify my excitement over our getting such a series.

Incidentally, why is it programmed for 9.30 p.m.? If the underlying philosophy is that reserve duty makes all Israeli Jews kin, surely the series should be given an earlier slot, so that the young can see what happens to papa when he does that periodic stint?

ONE OF THE group of famous left-wing authors and intellectuals who came out with an enthusiastic call for a national unity government immediately after the election results were announced, was S. Yizhar (Smilansky). He appeared on *This is the Time* to voice his disillusionment about the way the negotiations were being conducted, and to admit in effect that he and the other writers concerned had made asses of themselves.

They had issued their clarion call on the ground that the nation faced a desperate crisis about the economy, the war in Lebanon and the splits dividing it so acutely. His own dream had been that there would be a small government of about 12 ministers, who would address themselves to the three great and urgent tasks for a limited period of time. Instead, the Labour Alignment and the Likud, clearly putting party needs above those of the nation, had spent weeks dickering about seats and who would get what post. There was no hurry: nobody among the politicians noticed the crisis. On the other hand, Yizhar does not think it important whether Peres or Shamir sits for a year or two years, or which minister gets what portfolio.

I must admit that it has been remarkable that Labour and the Likud should agree so quickly on principles, and quarrel so long and so bitterly about principals. As an Israeli who took our politics seriously, and thought that there was a great difference in the philosophies, aims, methods and outlooks of the two main parties, I too am feeling that I made a fool of myself before the elections.

If in fact Labour and Likud can agree so easily on almost everything except who should rotate first where, what on earth was all the fuss about? I feel that our politics are reminiscent of those of the Eastons-will election in *The Pickwick Papers*, in which Samuel Stumkey was the Blue candidate and Horatio Fitzkin represented the Buffs. The sagacious Pickwick did not know Blues from Buffs, or Stumkey from Fitzkin, but took care to shout for whatever candidate the mob around him was supporting.

In our case, what was all that fuss about, during those long electioneering propaganda programmes, if it was so easy to agree on the principles of a unity government and only hard to share the spoils? Why does it matter so much who sits in which revolving chairs during what periods? Why not have a prime minister for a week at a time?

The danger of what is going on, of course, is that we will all get so disillusioned with the hucksters masquerading as statesmen that we will lose interest and cry, "A plague on all your houses!" This reaction, plus the economic crisis and unemployment, will make the country ripe for some kind of dictator to come forward to proffer strong leadership.

Somebody may say that the thought of a dictator taking over in Israel is absurd, yet it is no more absurd than Jews electing a believer in racial discrimination and mass expulsions.

APPARENTLY the Jews of Israel are not the only people who display bigotry and engage in racial oppression: if we are to believe Flying Chief, or Harold Belmont, the Indian from Seattle who also appeared on Evron's programme, the modern Americans are just as bad.

Evron's efforts to make this a light and sophisticated interview by references to John Wayne films failed dismally: Flying Chief took his people and their grievance very seriously indeed. He accused the American government and people of genocide, of trying to exterminate the Indians so as to be able to take away their land—the reservations in the desert have become valuable property because they contain uranium.

Flying Chief used sociological and psychological jargon, mixed with assertions of faith in the Indian religion and the coming of a peacemaker, to express his point of view, and very effective he was too. So was Pierre Yasbeck, spokesman in Israel for the Lebanese Christians.

One way and another, Evron's programme has been on a very high level since his return from the wilderness.

YA'ACOV AHIMEIR'S coverage of the Knesset session under Abba Eban as interim Speaker was a very shrewd mixture of direct reportage and his own opinions. Eban was obviously in scintillating form, and Ahimeir enjoyed his quips to the full.

I have a marvellous solution for the struggle for Ewing Oil being waged in *Dallas* between J.R. and Bobby. Why don't they learn from Israel, and have a rotating presidency of the company. J.R. for a period, with Bobby as deputy, then Bobby as president with J.R. as deputy. Pam and Sue-Ellen can rotate as ministers of defence, or whatever they want to call the secondary job. That way, they can all live as happily forever after as we are going to do some day.

A meal of fine plates

Gil Goldfine

HAVING NEGLECTED fundamental exercises in modelling and drawing human anatomy, Ilana Goor has been struggling for the past few years with the problem of how to render an expressive figure in a sculptural situation. In most instances the dilemma was solved by demoting the skull, torso, or limbs to a secondary position within a composition whose final impact was to be based on vague psychological or historical themes, while removing the figurative essence. Flesh in turmoil, details of heads meshed into large storage jars, or truncated arms and legs harnessed to common objects were the banal answers that repeatedly characterized Goor's bronzes. The expressiveness was always laced with bawdy connotations and blatantly sexual images, a combination that succeeded in creating an engaging visual dialogue between art and spectator, albeit a short-lived one.

Goor is proving to be a persistent artist who seems to be more serious about her product than ever before. In a surge of pure aesthetic outpouring, she has cast a score of large bronze plates, each projecting an impressive variation on the basic abstract form. On a flight into textual fantasy, Goor uses smudging, burnishing, tinted patinas, engravings with applied textures (blister wrapping) and free-flowing molten bronze — and added metal bars to transform the obvious into the special.

In many respects Goor's plates are emblematic in nature. Viewed as gifts from ancient purists the platters signify the shield, enlarged breastplates, armour; much more than the domestic vessel for serving up tonight's supper. This feeling is derived from the ageless look of the shapes and surfaces, things forged in earlier days, primitive strapping, metallic harnesses and rotting apertures; of their recent recovery from the earth or seabed.

In addition, Goor has sculpted another half-dozen bronze jars with people, works difficult to reconcile with the abstracted aesthetic force of the plates, or even with several new heads. More than previously, Goor is attacking the entire form, handling volumes and planes with mass and void to achieve greater balance and sense of tension. Although one can still argue with Goor's choice of subject (including the perennally tongue drooping from the agonized oral cavity), one sees improvement. The plasticity is fluid. Diverse techniques create varied and interesting surprises. The smoothness of a receding cheek is crushed by the abruptness of a torn plane, cranial flesh ripped in an aggressive manner. There is an expressive reality in Goor's heads, something like a surreal life-mask.

COMPARED TO Goor's "tiger" instincts, Jorge Karelie is a "pussy cat" with fired clay and applied colour. In his first one-man show, this Uruguayan born, Israeli-educated potter shows a beautiful range of painted pots in which simple, yet elegant shapes are harmoniously married to delicate, flat illustrations



Ilana Goor: bronze plate (Horace Richter Gallery, Old Jaffa).



Ilana Goor: head, bronze



Itzu Rimer: figure painting (Ahad Haam Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Jorge Karelie: painted jar (Horace Richter Gallery, Old Jaffa).

of the Neve Tzedek community. Collating the styles and techniques of pre-Columbian decoration with Mediterranean sources and a local ethnographic tinge (Gutman et al), Karelie creates a quaint, individualized, art form. Pink tiled roofs, beige-mullioned windows, in-

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All things to all men?

Meir Ronnen

THE ISRAEL Museum is currently showing what it terms an environmental sculpture, which occupies all of one of its square galleries. The work, by Moshe Muller (b. Israel, 1950), an art instructor at the Oranim Teachers Training College, is formed of four donkeys attached to what is offered as either millstones or a fun-fair carousel. The donkeys (the size of large mules) are made of welded metal "lines" used volumetrically; each is held by a vertical spiral in the manner of a horse in a merry-go-round.

The central pillar and tie walls of the gallery are all painted a uniform blue and covered, above a certain height, with silver stars. The work is accompanied by the third movement of Mahler's First Symphony, chosen because it was written after the composer had seen a painting of animals dancing around the coffin of a hunter.

According to the blurb accompanying this "conceptual" exhibit, the blue walls and the donkeys are symbolic of this area (though the blue is not the one usually seen on and in Arab homes). The work is also supposed to summon up connotations of — and I quote — Luna Park, Innocence, Fate, Tragedy and Irony. In other words, it purports to be all things to all men, though I find it puerile of anyone to imagine that a single work can be all of those things. Certainly, simply listing them in a wall text does not make them so.

Followers of conceptual installations (if there are still any left) may recall that an animal carousel was made by America's Dennis Oppenheim at the Museum a few years ago. For myself, I was unable to find a single element of intellectual or artistic interest in Muller's work.

A lesson may be drawn from the Mahler. It is a hauntingly beautiful composition to be enjoyed independently of any literary associations or folk tales, not as a story, but as music.

This is the last of a series of environmental works by young

Israeli artists presented by the Museum in connection with its recent "80 years of Sculpture in Israel." It is hard not to breathe an audible sigh of relief (Gross Gallery, Israel Museum).

RAYA REDLICH (b. Haifa, 1946) is a graduate of the Bezalel Ceramics Department (where she later taught) and of London's Royal College of Art; she now lectures at Haifa University. Her current show is a *tour d'horizon* of her achievements and something of a mini-retrospective of the last five years or so to the extent that it also includes ex-post-factum maquettes of large environmental sculptural works at various sites.

In addition to her symbolic ceramic works, some of them in porcelain, Redlich also shows paintings rendered in photo-print on tiles; and graphics that similarly employ a mixture of photographic and drawn images. Of particular note is a splendid little mixed media work (6), painterly watercolour strokes over serial images in an etching. A large photo-screen print of flowers, reduced to colourful masses of flat colour in a post-Warhol manner, is also attractively effective.

The common denominator to most of these diverse approaches is a penchant for exploiting the power of repetition in serial images, abstract or figurative, in two or three dimensions. Redlich crams her cyphers for people into identical little boxes or marshals them in lines, or changes colour and grouping, as in her variations on the whale; in this case the tiny leviathans are piled together as if in an aquarium.

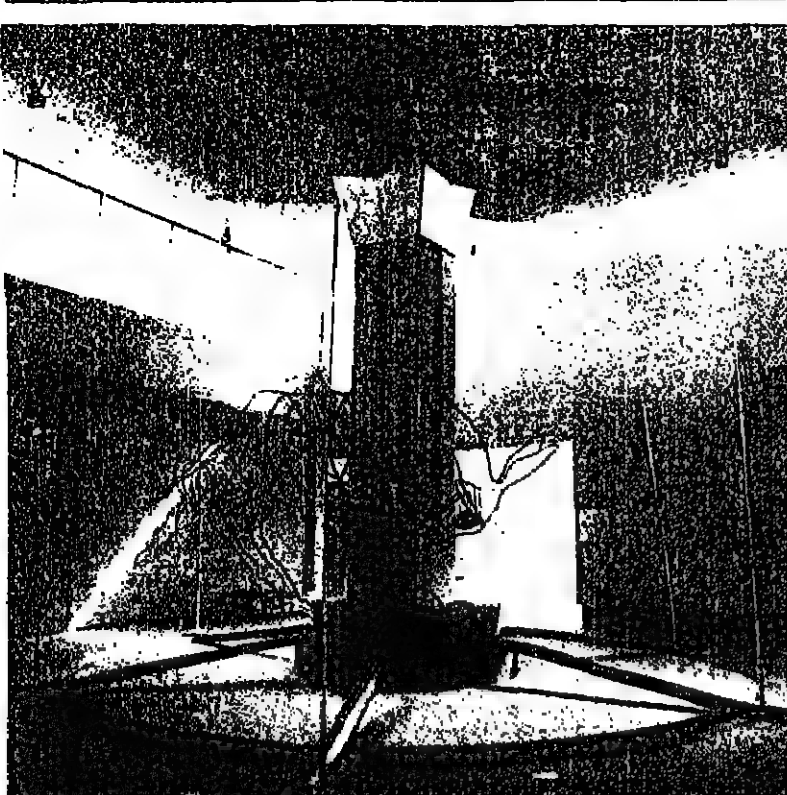
This thread of almost naive humanism runs through most of the works, slyly satirical in the case of the parallel lines of fancy free-civilians and stiffly identical "soldiers". And the whale, it seems, is one of nature's universal victims. But Redlich, if a little unsophisticated, is thoroughly accomplished. She realizes she is in the business of making art, not propaganda. While she strikes largely minor notes, they are all perfectly in tune. (Nora Gallery, Maimon 9, J'lem). Till Sep. 22.

MAYA COHEN-LEVY's second show of expressionist paintings on paper is rather more controlled, both in brushwork and colour, than her first, but her images are scarier than ever, bestial-headed figures seemingly right out of a *Wulfgang*, conducting strange rites around both women and animals. Here and there a more Japanese demon makes an appearance and not surprisingly, for the artist has recently returned from a visit to Japan. Also on show are several small concerning notebooks of a type much in use in that country and filled by her with tiny expressionist compositions, in pen or black wash; occasionally Buddhist demon heads appear. These often powerful little notes are gestural hit-or-miss, but the hits are palpable ones.

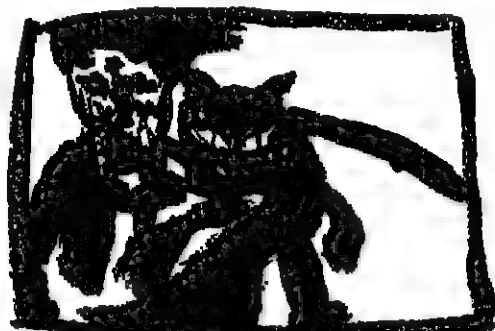
Another motif that turns up in both the notebooks and which forms the subject of a large, rather German-neo-expressionist painting, is that of the hermaphrodite. The bold handling reflects this artist's powerful inner drive. What she needs now is to marry it to an intellectual curiosity about formal problems. (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem.) Till Sep. 15.

PAINTINGS AND drawings on paper and some screenprint, all by Pinhas Cohen-Gan and from this gallery's collection, run most of the gamut of this artist's diverse box of aesthetic tricks; and many of them, notably the torn and painted water-colour surfaces, are particularly fine, reflecting both sensitivity and the magical ability to create something from virtually nothing. They confirm that this artist could well dispense with all his cryptic written equations and esoteric formulae. (Gallery Gimel, J'lem.) Till Sep. 14.

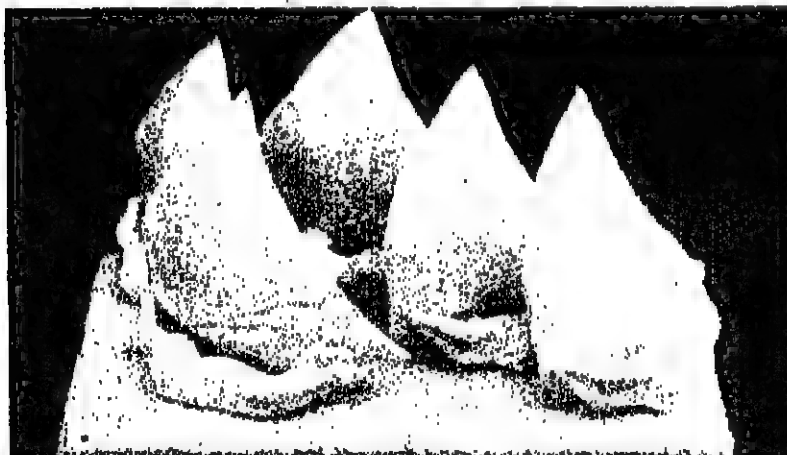
THE JERUSALEM PRINT Workshop-Miller Art Centre, which marked its 10th anniversary with a festive party on its premises yesterday, has been awarded the Kolb Prize of the Tel Aviv Museum for its contribution to printmaking here. Director and founder of the printshop is former Bezalel instructor Arik Kilemnik; curator of exhibitions at the centre's art gallery is Larry Abramson.



Moshe Muller: environmental installation (Israel Museum).



Maya Cohen-Levy: notebook miniature, ink (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem).



Raya Redlich: "Sails", ceramic (Nora Gallery, Jerusalem).

Nightmares of a photo-realist

Edith Varga-Biro

JAFFA-BORN Joshua Griffit exhibits large acrylic paintings produced in the last few years, complemented by numerous luxurious colour productions (among them hard-porn themes) in the catalogue.

The artist's manner is based on the photo-realism that emerged internationally over a decade ago. He expresses admiration in his "Homage" to Malcolm Morley, a major representative of the trend, to whom he owes his technique of copying photos and reproductions in acrylics, within painted frames. He bows also to Duchamp in his "Sink," super-realistically rendered in sweetish hues.

From here their ways part, as the reporting photographs of Morley are quite alien to this young Israeli. Griffit's style has expressionist overtones and his subject matter is much

more personal. He portrays precious possessions, private nostalgias and little dreams of the lower middle-class: imitation crystal vases with flowers, knick-knacks on the "salon" table, cars new and antique, a magazine cutout of the British Royal family, London and Venice as seen on picture post-cards, or more poetically, a young pair's embrace in the green. A good example of this genre is *Car and Horse*: he distributes his images collage-like, each element a sentimental object for someone in the family: an old car-model for the son, the cheap porcelain rider from Europe for father and mother, the doll for the sister. Griffit does not deny his love for the banal and proclaims that "among his raw material" "are second- or third-hand" experiences. Most of his work and especially his colour near the borderline of kitsch; while in his saccharine "Water-Lilies" (Monet would revolve in his grave) and

"Window with Landscape," he even oversteps it.

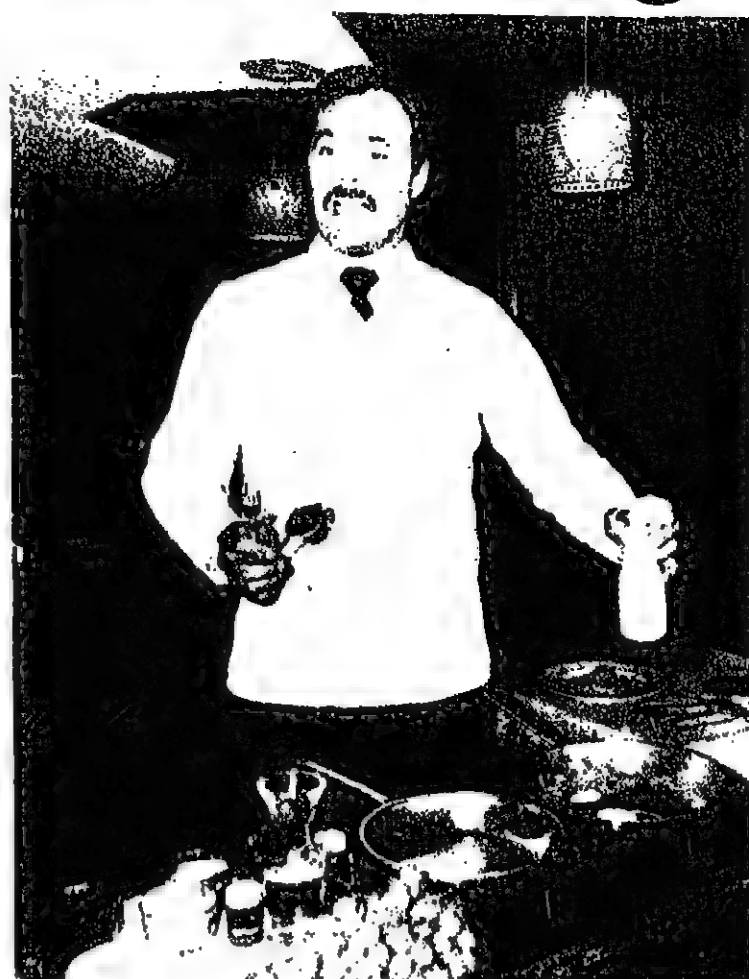
His collective nightmares are in a very different, personally involved mood and style: three pictures, all called "Tel-Aviv." They predict apocalyptic doom in an expressionistic manner, conveyed through violent juxtapositions of bright and dark colours, turbulent and level brush strokes. The message is made even more explicit by allusions.

Most successful are his pictures with just one object taken from early boyhood experience: a toy plane; a self-made bow in "Indian shooting at Red Patch"; or an automobile in "Car III." Here, with fine feeling for texture and balanced composition, he paints overlaid surfaces with splashes of colours and bold diagonal lines, combined them with cool grids and dots, achieving a somewhat disquieting, but still decorative, result. (Goldman Gallery, Haifa). Till October 10.



Joshua Griffit: "Tel Aviv Deck", acrylic, 1983 (Goldman, Haifa).

Sweet and high



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

sugar concentrated squashes. Its subsidiary, Ardi, also uses saccharine in its low-calorie dessert mixes. Assis' reservations about switching to NutraSweet stem mainly from the fact that it is more expensive than either sugar or saccharine. It is seeking permissible alternatives, but may have no choice.

AS FOR NUTRASWEET itself, this is the Searle Company's registered name for its laboratory-synthesized compound aspartame or APM. This is made up of two amino acids, found naturally in foodstuffs, called phenylalanine and aspartic acid. Both are produced in a laboratory by the fermentation of some natural substance. What is commonly used, ironically, is sucrose itself, which is the chemical term for ordinary cane or beet sugar. Hence we get an artificial sweetener synthesized from sugar, but in a way that produces a very high degree of sweetness with virtually no calories.

The company stresses that normal human systems metabolize aspartame in the same way as they metabolize ordinary foodstuffs unlike those artificial sweeteners which have a non-food origin.

The one group of people who cannot tolerate aspartame are sufferers from phenylketonuria, or P.K.U. This is a rare hereditary inability to metabolize phenylalanine — one of the two components of aspartame. If they ingest this substance, it leads to mental and physical retardation.

Phenylalanine is found in ordinary protein foods such as milk and meat. Sufferers from P.K.U. must keep to a very strict diet — and it is unlikely that in a developed country, anyone with P.K.U. would be unaware of it. In westernized countries, including Israel, newborn babies are routinely checked for the condition, which occurs in about one in 10,000-15,000 births. This would mean only some 250-400 sufferers in Israel.

One of the firms most concerned is Assis, which today uses saccharine liberally in its sugar-free and low-

Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, our Health Ministry has decided to opt for very precise warnings on all products containing aspartame — even though this is bound to alarm the general public, most of whom, like myself, have never heard of P.K.U. Labels must read: "Consumption by phenylketonurics (P.K.U.) forbidden. Contains phenylalanine." This is the same as the labelling requirement in the U.S. Some countries, such as Britain, require only the more subtle statement, "Contains phenylalanine," and health ministries prefer to notify known sufferers directly by mail about new products which may harm them.

For the general public, our labels on APM products limit recommended consumption to three grams of aspartame daily per adult, or, to put it another way, not more than 40 mg. per kilo body weight. This is the very conservative precaution adopted by the World Health Organization, because the product is so new. Visiting representatives of Searle tried to assure me that doses far greater than these produced no ill effects on laboratory animals.

ONE DRAWBACK to the use of APM is that both temperature and time reduce its sweetening power in solution, although this has no effect on health. If you drop a NutraSweet tablet into hot coffee or tea, it will hold its sweetening effect while you drink it.

Manufactured products with APM in solution, such as soft drinks, carry an expiry date and storage instructions. Tempo diet drinks specify the expiry date as "two months after production" and storage at a temperature not exceeding 20 degrees C. But apart from a noticeable lessening of sweetness, disregard of these recommendations will do no harm.

Our Health Ministry has approved

in principle the use of APM as a domestic sweetener and as a component of a wide variety of manufactured products, including not only soft drinks, but powdered beverages, dessert mixes, breakfast cereals, and chewing gum. Abroad, commercial products of all these types containing NutraSweet have made serious market inroads — for reasons of health and taste — despite the fact that they are more expensive than comparable products made with saccharine. Searle say the production cost of NutraSweet will drop as time goes on.

So far, no local company is marketing a table tablet or powder made of NutraSweet, but this is apparently just a matter of time. In the U.S., the table version of NutraSweet is sold under the tradename Equal, while in Britain and continental Europe, it is called Canderl.

In the U.S., the Coca-Cola Company's diet beverages are sweetened with a mixture of NutraSweet and saccharine. Here in Israel, Coca-Cola is not producing any diet drinks, because our Health Ministry will not permit this mixture.

To introduce its product here, Searle went over a huge team of staffers, headed by Max C. Downham, a company vice-president in Skokie, and Jun N. Bergman, general manager of NutraSweet AG in Switzerland, which is responsible for the Israeli market. The gala luncheon at the Dan Hotel stretched from ruin punch cocktails through glazed duck to rich desserts, all sweetened with NutraSweet. Chef Sandor Goldstein explained that it is possible to do some cookery with NutraSweet, so long as the sweetener is added at the last minute, after the dish has stopped boiling. That, for instance, was the way he prepared the sauce for the duck. This tip will interest households which must use a non-sugar sweetener for dietary reasons.

COOKING WITH Carmel Mizrahi wines and serving them with meals has been the focus of the Summer Wine Festival at the Tel Aviv Sheraton, which continues until September 15. Anyone who walks into the Sheraton lobby between 4 and 6 p.m. Sunday through Thursday of next week can still sample Carmel white wines free of charge. Meals cooked with wine and served with wine are available every evening at its Kum-Kum restaurant, at the usual price levels for five-star hotels.

I will not attempt to present the recipes for the delicious dishes we looked simple when prepared before our eyes by Richard Bayard, the hotel's food and beverage director. But Post food columnist Haim Shapiro warns me that this simplicity is deceptive, as they require such fancy components such as "demi-glacé" — a reduced stock made from beef or veal, which doesn't figure in the average housewife's cuisine. The basic message remains, however: Our local wines are plentiful, relatively cheap, and good for drinking and cooking.

Ze'ev Keren, the Hilton's former chef and today in charge of quality control and instruction in food matters, has announced a three-hours demonstration lesson for the public on entertaining "at five-star elegance" with cheeses and wines, under the patronage of Carmel Mizrahi. He will give the lesson three times, in Hebrew, but with English explanations if needed on September 9, 16 and 23 at 9 a.m. at the Tel Aviv Hilton. Admission costs the equivalent of \$10 and includes mid-morning coffee and cake.

LOCAL WINES may be relatively

cheap for cooking, but the same cannot be said for whisky, which is imported and expensive. At over IS4,000 a bottle here, Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch should not really be wasted on cooking. Still, it was interesting to see what could be cooked with whisky — at another gala press luncheon at the Tel Aviv Dan.

We had whisky cocktails first. There was a generous tot of whisky in the "bean soup Edinburgh," and more in the chicken main dish, the red cabbage, crepe Suzette, Scottish coffee and chocolate cake. Hungarian-born chef Goldstein's steamed chicken Glasgow style was somewhat reminiscent of chicken paprikas, and he admitted that the red cabbage in whisky was adapted from his usual cabbage in red wine. He said three bottles of Johnnie Walker went into the making of the meal — but it served quite a lot of people. One of my colleagues confessed she went home and slept soundly for four hours afterwards!

All this conspicuous consumption of imported alcohol was in honour of a promotional visit by Johnnie Walker's London-based export director, Barry Hughes, accompanied by a walking embodiment of the famous Johnnie Walker symbol, who in real life is a native of New Zealand named Alan Gorrrie. Gorrrie (who happens to have a Jewish wife), told me there are three acting "Johnnie Walkers" at present, the youngest of the trio being routinely assigned to the discotheque circuit in Britain.

To be called "Scotch," whisky must be distilled and matured in Scotland and must be aged "in the wood" for at least three years. The oak for the casks is imported from America these days.

Johnnie Walker's more expensive Black Label — about double the price of Red Label — differs in the blend, and has been matured much longer, 12 years rather than the average five for Red Label. Export director Hughes said that Red Label was just as good in mixed drinks or with water, and certainly in cooking, whereas Black Label should be reserved for those who drink whisky neat, as it tastes smoother.

Newly available on the local market is a very special Johnnie Walker product called Cardhu which is an entirely malt whisky and appeals to very sophisticated palates. Other Johnnie Walker labels are a blend of malt and grain whiskies.

Hughes admitted that Israel is not a big importer of Scotch whisky, but he noted that the amount sold in shops here is augmented by the duty-free whisky which Israelis bring back from abroad. The local price represents two-thirds tax, one-third actual product, according to Johnnie Walker importer Danny Lior, of the Scottish Trading Co. No whisky is made in Israel, despite an abortive attempt many years ago to produce a local brand.

IF YOU LIVE in Jerusalem, you can attend a free demonstration of how to entertain with wine and Thyva cheeses at 8 p.m. next Monday, September 10, at the Thyva Training Centre, 82 Sderot Herzl. A tasting is included. While the lecture is in Hebrew, there is printed material available in English. For further information on lessons for individuals and groups, you can phone 02-521342.

Similar Thyva wine-and-cheese demonstrations are held elsewhere in the country from time to time. The Tel Aviv centre is closed for renovations, but details of future dates can be obtained by phoning 03-243157. This office will also direct you to Thyva demonstration points in other localities.

Martha Meisels

Notices in this feature are charged at \$4 per line, insertion every day of the month costs \$80 (prices do not include VAT). Payment in shekels.

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THE ZONE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESAIAS BAITEL. Opening on Tuesday, 11/9, at 8:00 p.m.

The first exhibition in Israel by Esaus Baril, born in Sweden, in the Seventies, linking himself in strong groups at the galleries of Paris, he followed a group which advanced new symbols. With a mixture of obsessive curiosity and deep longing, concealing his Jewish identity, he followed the process in which humanity, antediluvian tobelousness and language of initiation faced worship of power symbols, violence, racism and anti-Semitism. The series of 70 photographs shows the intensity of the photographer's experience, and is much more than an informative document.

Opening on Thursday, 13 9, at 8 00 p.m. at the Helena Rubinstein Pavilion

NAHUM GUTMAN

The publication is sponsored by the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art.

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Mendelssohn, Mozart. Tuesday, 11.9, at 8.30 p.m.

AN EVENING WITH SHEM-TOV LEVI, with Meir Iersel, drums; Yossi Fein, bass; Rami Lwin, keyboard; Amos Hadany, guitar. Guest: Shlomo Gronich Monday, 10.9, at 800 p.m.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY (France, 1984, 90 min., in colour, French with Hebrew and English subtitles). Daily at 5.00, 7.30, 9.30 p.m. Saturday at 7.30, 9.30 p.m.

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DENNIS OPPENHEIM: FACTORIES, FIREWORKS 1978-1984. Opening on Thursday, 13.9. at 8.00 p.m.

Danvers Oppenheim (U.S.A.) will exhibit large three-dimensional works which he will construct in Tel Aviv for the exhibition, plus models and drawings for other sculptures created in the past five years. One of the prominent American artists in Conceptual, Earth and Body Art, as well as Performance, Oppenheim has been constructing 'Factories' and later 'Fireworks' since 1979; these are machine-like assemblages or installations, made with metal parts and other materials.

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MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Anselm Kiefer: new German painting; 12 pages from the *Caro*

tiemza; Plasticine - children's work, activity corner; Happy Accidents - Marcel Duchamps and Man Ray; Scraps - creating home theatre sets and greetings cards; permanent collection of Juleica Art and Archeology.

Rockefeller Museum: The Other Side of the Mirror—Ancient Egyptian funerary objects.

Ticho House: works by Anna Ticho, handicraft, library, garden cafe.

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MUSEUM

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**MEMORIES OF
BRIGHTON BEACH**
6.00, 9.30 p.m.
GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS
7.00, 9.30 p.m.

The Cameri Theatre
of Tel Aviv

Tomorrow, Saturday, Sept. 8
THE TEMPEST
8.30 p.m.



HE MAY HAVE BEEN elevated to a life peerage, but Lord Grade of Elstree - now 77 - remains very much an ambitious London East End Jewish boy named Lew Grade.

And now, after dominating British show business for a quarter of a century, Lew Grade has embarked on a new career making movies through Embassy Pictures.

Indeed, he has come to resemble the archetypal Jewish film tycoon so often portrayed on the screen. Or vice versa. It is said that veteran actor Meir Zuckerman borrowed heavily from Grade when he played the sentimental, wisecracking movie magnate in the film *Espresso Bongo*, that harbinger of the Swinging Sixties which propelled pop singer Cliff Richard to stardom.

Grade certainly put on a classy performance when I met him in Tel Aviv, first offering me the largest cigar I have ever seen and then producing some nifty footwork in a demonstration of the Charleston. He can, in fact, lay claim to a degree of expertise in this field, too, for during his early days in show business - as a performer - he was the acknowledged world champion of the Charleston. He regrets that Israel TV's Ram Evron could not produce a band to accompany him in doing the Charleston for Israeli viewers.

As the man who ran Britain's Associated Television (ATV) from 1954 to 1982, he found his visit to Television House in Israel a rather uncomfortable experience. "You know, they kept me waiting for over two hours until the politicians had come and gone. I would not have minded if the seat had not been so infernally hard. We used to have a lounge with cosy seats for our guests," he remarks with a chuckle.

THIS IS THE FIRST occasion Grade has found the time to visit the Jewish state, coming here at the invitation of Kenny Greidinger, who is both president of the Israel Variety Club and owner of Forum films, the local agent of Embassy.

When I ask him why he has never visited before, he protests: "I never go anywhere except on business. It's terrible for me to take time off. Believe me, being on holiday and sightseeing is the hardest work I know."

The specific reason for Grade's visit was the benefit premiere of his latest film, *Champions*, directed by John Irvin and starring John Hurt (Elephant Man) as the plucky jockey who won both the Grand National and the battle against cancer. "If someone had sent me the script of a film about a jockey who falls ill with cancer, got cured and then went on to win a major race, I'd have sent it back to the author," says Grade.

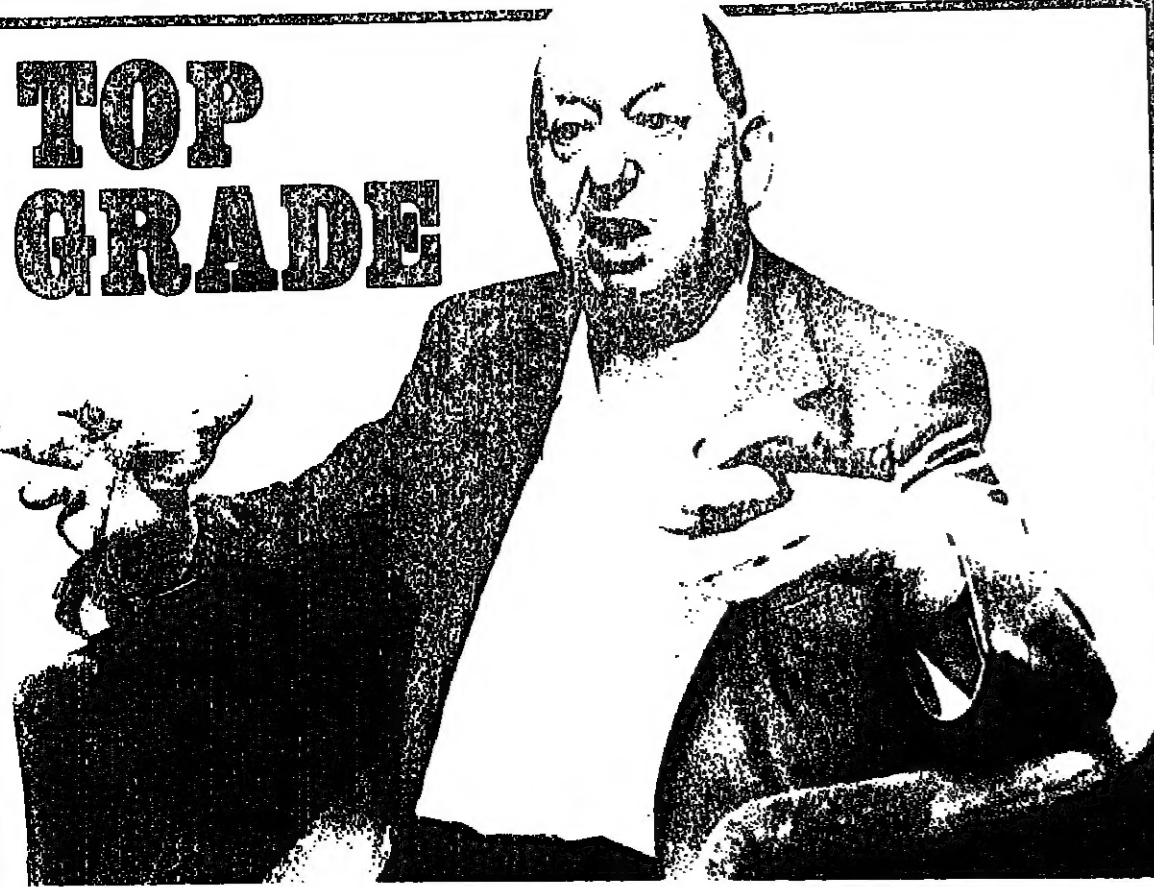
The idea sounds too full of schmaltz - thank goodness I can talk freely in our language to someone who understands - but because it's the true story of jockey Bob Champion, that makes it into a symbol of human courage and hope.

"It's in keeping with my philosophy that every morning you have to come out fighting. For every day there's a battle to win." For this statement he poses, fists clenched, like a prize-fighter.

Grade denies that he and other Jewish film-makers have deliberately avoided producing movies in Israel, even those films connected to biblical themes. While the six-hour TV mini-series *Moses The Law Giver*, starring Bob Lancaster, was shot here, his milestone production, *Jesus of Nazareth*, was filmed in Tunis.

According to Grade, director

TOP GRADE



The Post's MARK SEGAL meets the son of East End Russian immigrants who grew up to become the archetypal Jewish film tycoon.

Franco Zeffirelli spent two months scouting out sites here but failed to find areas free of telephone poles or television masts. So they opted for Tunis. "It was one of the best things I ever made and it made a tidy fortune," he says.

The *Moses* movie produced an unexpected result - an audience with Pope Paul in the Vatican. The screening of the series on Italian TV apparently made quite an impact. "I was having lunch with the Italian ambassador and he told me of the invitation to the Holy See. My wife of 42 years, Kathleen, is a Catholic but the greatest defender around of Israel and the Jews, and she kept me up all night going on and on about the invitation."

"Well, we arrived there in a huge hall in the Vatican and the pope entered in white accompanied by two cardinals. He sat down on his throne on the opposite side of his vast room and the cardinals dressed him in his robes. He then beckoned to us to come closer."

"My wife curtsied and I bowed, and believe me I've only bowed to three people - the queen and two popes. He held my hand for all the 30 minutes of our audience. We spoke in English and he said how much he'd enjoyed the *Moses* movie and how it had moved him."

"Just before we left, the pope expressed the hope that I'd make a movie about Jesus. Two weeks later, I had to be back in Rome and I was discussing new production plans with my people there when the idea popped into my head about making a film on Jesus. Italian TV-RAI jumped at it, and it was the biggest success I've ever had. We sold it in its TV version and in its full-length feature format. It did well - in places like Mexico City it ran for one-and-a-half years..."

Three years ago, Grade received his second audience, this time with Pope John Paul. "He speaks perfect English, and he was so warm you'd almost think he was Jewish... He had a furious argument with one of the cardinals standing near him, and then he conferred upon me the sash of Knight Commander of the Order of Saint Sylvester with Star."

In 1933, Grade went into the talent-agency business, developing the largest enterprise of its kind - the Grade Organization - which, after World War II, began to develop a

"It seems the argument was over protocol because a pope is not supposed to personally award such an honour but rather do it through formal channels."

"As he honoured me the pope said: 'I do so in recognition of your wonderful evangelical work. Your film has been marvellous for Christendom.' To which I hurried to add, 'You must mean, for all mankind.'"

Pope John Paul seems to have taken a liking to the Jewish film magnate: Grade was in Rome a year later with a party of Hollywood VIPs who expressed an interest in being received by the pontiff. Although the pope was away at his summer residence in Castel Gandolfo, the audience was quickly arranged and the Grade entourage was driven to meet the pope with a motor-cycle escort.

Recalling that experience with obvious relish, Grade awards it his highest accolade: "It was just like being in a movie."

GRADE'S FAMILY arrived in England 70 years ago from Russia and they spoke only Russian at home. Grade had first to learn to speak Yiddish to cope with life in the East End, and only then did he plunge into English. At 14, he was obliged to leave school to help support his family. But while his formal education ended there, Grade nevertheless went on to earn the Queen's Award for his brilliant translation to the television screen of such Shakespearean classics as *Twelfth Night* and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

In his twenties, he became well-known as a dancer, winning the international Charleston championship at a time when his younger brother, Bernard, was appearing as part of the Delfont show.

In due course, Bernard carved out his own niche in London's West End, and Bernard Delfont became Lord Delfont. Unlike brother Lew, though, Delfont did involve himself in Anglo-Jewish affairs.

In 1933, Grade went into the talent-agency business, developing the largest enterprise of its kind - the Grade Organization - which, after World War II, began to develop a

two-way traffic across the Atlantic. He brought over such big American names as Frank Sinatra, Bob Hope and Jack Benny. And in 1954, he got in on the ground floor of Independent Television, forming ATV, which became Associated Communications Corporation - ACC. This organization expanded to encompass TV, films, music, publishing, records and theatrical properties, cinemas and costumers. He ran this corporation for 28 years, during which time Grade himself became a well-known personality throughout Britain.

The snobs sneered at him - he was dubbed "Mister Average" - because he put on shows which appealed to mass audiences, such as *The Saint*, *Danger Man*, *The Julie Andrews Show*, *The Tom Jones Show*, as well as such box-office film hits as *The Pink Panther* series and *The Eagle Has Landed*.

But he was also behind a number of high quality TV productions, like the Shakespearean plays, the video version of Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* and *Edward the King*.

But there are many who think Lew Grade earned his niche in show business history by sponsoring *The Muppet Show*, which has so far run 120 episodes.

The creators of the show reached Grade after being turned down by the U.S. networks: "I immediately realized what a genius the creator Jim Henson is. I put them on *The Julie Andrews Show* and they were an instant hit. I saw that it worked. It's true that there had never been a show of that kind which appealed to both children and adults."

"I know that a show is a winner by the special feeling I got down here [he indicates his stomach] although often people will tell me 'Lew you're a meshuganeh.'"

"You know, one of my most gratifying moments occurred during a luncheon meeting of the Independent Broadcasting Authority. My neighbour was Dr. Andrew Canberry, a professor at a Scottish university and one of the academics on the IBA. He turned to me and said: 'What do you think is the biggest thing you've done for Independent Television?'"

"Seeing he was a professor, I said: 'I suppose it'd be *Twelfth Night*.'"

"Not at all," he replied, "it's *The Muppets*. At my university, nobody watched ITV until you started showing *The Muppets*."

Another series - this time in feature films - which "made a small fortune" was *The Pink Panther*, which United Artists predicted would die. But Grade made it survive profitably, sequel after sequel, because he persuaded Peter Sellers to portray the zany detective.

WHAT SINGLES OUT Lew Grade in the industry is that "nobody needs a contract with me. They know I never break my word. I made 159 episodes of *The Saint* with Roger Moore during a period of seven years, and he never needed a contract all that time."

He particularly likes that series because it did not go in for too much violence: "I find it difficult to live with the new taste for blood, action and pace," says Grade.

His gut feelings for putting certain actors in certain roles led to Meryl Streep's Oscar-winning role in *Sophie's Choice*. The three outstanding projects he is most proud of are *The Muppet Show* series, *Jesus of Nazareth* and *On Golden Pond*.

He reveals that "many a studio turned down *On Golden Pond*, which starred Henry Fonda and Katherine Hepburn. The executives thought it would be a flop to have a movie with two old actors. Can you imagine that?"

"I was in my office and got a phone call from my production manager who told me he'd got the opportunity to make a film of *On Golden Pond*. I'd heard of it as a successful stage play and I asked who'd be the actors. He said: 'The Fondas, Henry and Jane,' and Katherine Hepburn. I asked him, 'How much?' He replied: 'Seven-and-a-half million dollars.' I said: 'Make the picture.'"

"When it came to the production, I went into partnership with Jane Fonda. She did it partly to be close to her father."

The movie's huge success, financial and critical, plus the Oscars, justified his lifelong view that what makes a box office hit are "50 per cent gut feeling, 25 per cent getting the right ingredients, and 25 per cent the right marketing."

Not that he has had a run of unmitigated success: memories of *The Voyage of the Damned* - a movie about a group of passengers journeying back to their doom in Nazi Germany - still cause pain.

In June 1982, he was obliged to quit as chairman of ACC, five years after the mandatory retirement age. The reason? The spectacular failure of the film *The Raising of the Titanic*.

When I reminded him that he had been called "the last victim of the Titanic," the movie magnate winced and lit a new fat cigar. Exactly 24 hours after leaving ACC, Grade bounced back, launching a new phase of his career at the London headquarters of Embassy Communications International, a Los Angeles-based multinational.

Grade likes the notion that one of his favourite productions, *The Boys from Brazil*, was screened on Israel TV just a week before his visit here. Dodging questions about the prospects of making movies in Israel, he promises to be back with the premiere of his upcoming - and most expensive yet - film production of *Chorus Line*, which is directed by Sir Richard Attenborough.

As we part, Lord Grade takes up a boxing stance, clenches his fists and starts punching the air. "Don't forget," he declares through a cloud of cigar smoke, "it's a battle every day."

Fooling the nervous system

Nobody understands pain, but a method for alleviating aches of all kinds has been evolved. HELGA DUDMAN reports.

ATHLETES and horses are among the many categories of those, here and abroad, whose aches and pains are being alleviated by an electronic device produced at Kibbutz Ginossar, in a little factory on the shores of Lake Kinneret.

The name of the firm is Agar (for "Electronics Ginossar"), and it produces a line of instruments of which the simpler models are about the size of a pack of cigarettes. But although small in size, it is a complex unit based on a process developed by the Hadassah Medical Centre's Biomedical Engineering Department, and its name, TENS, is an acronym packing a hefty concept: Transcutaneous Electrical Nerve Stimulation.

TENS has a simple purpose with very wide appeal: to alleviate the pain caused by everything from migraine to ankle sprains, arthritis, neuralgia, cramps, phantom limb pain, post-operative pain, injuries from accidents, and so on. Response is very individual; in some cases, results are dramatic, while in others, nothing much happens. It is thought to be more successful with acute than with chronic pain. I was not able to try out a TENS when I visited Agar recently because, unfortunately for the present purpose, either I don't have any aches or pains or else I am grossly insensitive to them, which comes to the same thing.

Nobody understands the phenomenon of pain, which has lately become the object of considerable research, and which is thought to be the body's "warning system." Alleviating the pain treats only this subjective symptom, and not its cause. The TENS principle, related to that of acupuncture, involves what is called the "gate-control theory of pain," which was devised by two researchers just under 20 years ago.

Summarized by *Time* Magazine (everybody's handy guide to topical knowledge) in a cover story on pain this summer, it goes something like this: "Only a limited amount of sensory information can be processed by the nervous system at any given moment. When too much information is sent through, certain cells in the spinal column interrupt the signal, as if closing a gate. Thus, it is reasoned, pain can be prevented from getting through the gate when there is competition from other sensations..."

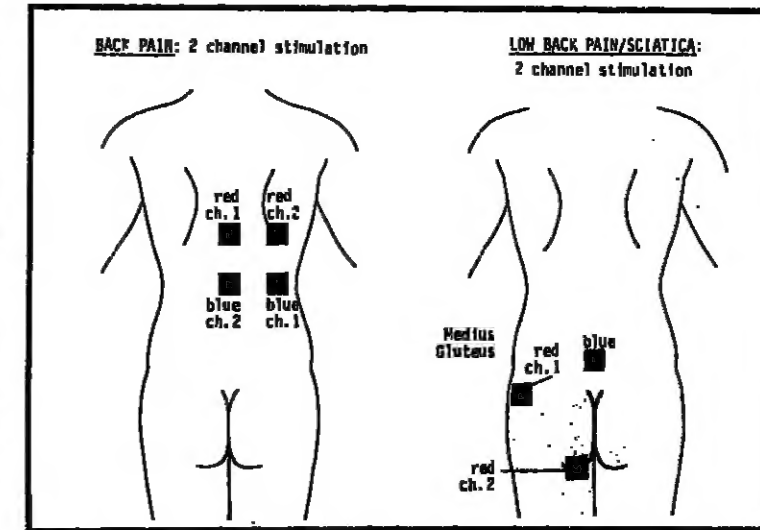
The TENS unit can be used at home, after the patient receives instruction; it is harmless (one great advantage is that, when it works, the use of drugs can be greatly decreased) and simple enough for children: Electrodes are attached to the skin above a painful area, and a mild current is generated to compete with the pain of signals.

About those athletes and horses. As we know, there is a growing sub-division of medicine called "athletic" or "sport" medicine, which tends to the fitness of athletes. America now has journals with names like *Sports Medicine* and *The Physician and Sportsmedicine*; in these, there is already a large body of literature dealing with experiments on the use of TENS on bruised skiers, runners, football and baseball players, and other rugged types, who have knee and back and ankle trouble even more than the rest of us.

Sports Medicine reports that some, but not all, cases showed dramatic relief - the skier with a knee sprain who could not walk



Kinneret marathon runner receives TENS treatment. (Below) Detail from manufacturer's instructions on application of electrode.



without a limp, but "after two TENS treatments of 30 minutes each, 12 hours apart, the pain was gone with no recurrence." Or the "world class distance runner who experienced an acute strain and tendonitis of his great toe and common toe flexors. After just one treatment he experienced immediate relief, and the next day he ran 20 miles."

In Israel we may be doing better at sports medicine than at sports. A paper on the "Application of TENS to Acupuncture Points for Pain Relief in Sports Injuries" was presented in Jerusalem a few years ago to the International Conference on Medical and Biological Engineering by representatives of the Wingate Institute and Agar. The results did not, of course, deal with Olympic records but rather with the results of TENS treatments on a small sample of athletes suffering pains in shoulder, knee, skin and back. Out of 22 athletes, 15 reported complete pain relief; four showed significant relief; one, fair; and two, poor. Because Agar is near the route of the Kinneret marathon, TENS treatment has been used with some success on joggers' cramps and other calamities.

The various models produced in Israel by Agar, which takes pride in the top-level reliability and performance of its line, also have a patented "plus." It is called Recurrent Pulse Width Modulation, and was developed at the Hadassah Medical Centre in Jerusalem by Professor Florella Magora, of the Anesthesiology Department. The hospital, which had been using TENS found that our clever nerves tend to adapt to the electric stimulus, which lessens the effectiveness of the treatment. Hadassah's Biomedical Engineering Department developed a process which randomly changes the impulses some 16 times a second, thus in effect "fooling" the nerves, preventing their adaptation to the treatment, and allowing its impact to continue.

NO SUCH reports are available

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AGAR'S TENS exports for the year ending next month are conservatively estimated at about \$750,000, a sharp increase over the previous year, and not a bad figure for a small factory employing about 30, the number varying with the flow of incoming orders. Something like 90 per cent of the factory's output is exported, an almost incredibly good piece of news these days; the market is largely in America, but some Israeli TENS are also doing their thing in Europe, Australia, South Africa, and even Korea.

The small size of the plant turns a disadvantage into an advantage; unlike the huge American enterprises, Agar can with relative ease and profitability set up an assembly line for a relatively small order - a few thousand units, say - which an American firm would not even bother with. This makes possible special orders for American distributors, as in the case of equine aches or other specialized models.

TENS units fit in well in the Pain Control Clinics that have been set up in recent years in hospitals throughout the world; in Israel, these now exist at Tel Hashomer, Rambam, Soroka, Afeka, Hadera, and the Defence Ministry's rehabilitation units, among others. For home use, the simplest TENS unit costs \$99, with other models going higher; it can be obtained only on a physician's order. (The Tel Aviv sales office is at 86 Arlosoroff St.) Most units are compact enough to be attached to a belt for easy availability, with the advantage of looking like an executive "beeper."

When I visited the little factory in its bucolic setting at Ginossar recently, managing director Benny Hermoni was busy on another project - a good sign in these days of industrial doldrums - but I spoke at length with others at the plant. Judith Schwartz is in charge of marketing at Agar, and her husband Shai is development engineer, a husband-and-wife team arrangement which both enjoy enormously. Marketing and development are supposed to go hand in hand in modern industry, but this is the real thing.

"We went away on holiday recently and decided that we absolutely wouldn't talk about TENS and business," Judith told me. "But we just couldn't help it - it's that interesting for both of us."

Shai's little office is decorated with posters, photographs, emblems, and other artifacts which few establishments here can boast - all relics of the Apollo Space Project, for which Shai worked in California. When I asked him whether the relatively diminutive Pain Pro-

ject at Ginossar did not seem rather a comedown, he answered, "Not at all. Here I am working on everything, from start to finish. There, I was a very tiny cog in an enormous wheel." (And here, too, the Apollo Space Project engineer was just finishing three months' duty in the dining room.) The Schwartzes, both American-born, met in Jerusalem, married, and came to Ginossar nine years ago.

THE AGAR TENS connection, Judith told me, grew out of its original plastics branch (the TENS units have electronic innards in a plastic case, and use standard batteries) which originally made agro-business items, and then went into agro-technology with dimmers and timers, and its "Plantermonitor," a device used to determine whether seeds in a mechanized "seeder" are falling to the ground properly. The Hadassah-Biomedical connection evolved over 10 years ago, and all new models are developed jointly.

The factory is clean and quiet (except for a radio at every work table), as befits a post-Apollo technological enterprise, with production flow charts on the bulletin board and, naturally, those little imprinted circuit boards. At Ginossar, an integrated circuit is called a "juk," which, as Israelis know, is Turkish for cockroach. But for all of the modern technology - and because Agar is still pre-robot - there are plenty of painstaking (possibly an unfortunate term) hand operations, one of which is referred to as "cutting the legs off the juk."

Production coordinator Gad Langer, formerly of the banana groves, was quite ready to explain all of the production steps, but I decided that most readers would not wish to follow all the intricacies. I met Ruth, a veteran of 11 years with Agar, who is in charge of visual quality control, and I spoke with a charming Italian girl, Marilla, who is 23 and an electrical engineering student from Trieste. "Yes, I was the only girl in my class..." Marilla is one of the professional volunteers who come for two-month stints at kibbutz factories within the framework of an organization called IASTE, and are highly thought of at Agar. (Except for the volunteers, all workers at the factory are kibbutz members.) I had the feeling that their duties may be somewhat below their abilities, but two months is probably too short a period for more professional involvement. Marilla, who was working on electrical control at Agar and may do her thesis on biomedical engineering back in Trieste, said that she was enjoying her two months on the shores of Lake Kinneret. She added, "The kibbutz used to be very much in fashion in Italy about 10 years ago. Not so much any more."

I especially enjoyed meeting Hil-el, a spry 74-year-old, by accident and by work-ethic obviously a yekke. Hil-el worked in the banana groves until he was 60 and now, after two cataract operations, is not required to work. But he comes in daily - or rather, nightly. He has insomnia, which is something TENS cannot alleviate, and the beauty of the Agar arrangement is that he can come at 3 a.m. and do his stint. "It makes no difference when I do it, so long as I get the job done," says Hil-el. And where else but in kibbutz can one walk safely through the darkest night to a bio-technical factory?

MORE THAN a quarter of a century after publishing *Exodus*, Leon Uris has returned to the Middle East. The intervening decades and the writing of a half-dozen best-sellers have made no impact on Uris the literary craftsman. He remains among the cluniest novelists ever to sell a million books a year. His improbable twists of plot are still "gut-wrenching," and events inevitably leave his cardboard characters "shaken to their boots." His Arabs alternately say things like "By the Prophet's beard" and "He can go piss up a rope." His syntax and grammar once again defy analysis, and his points are often conveyed in the exclamatory manner!

But all these things are hardly relevant. Just as Leon Uris does not practise history, he does not function in literature. His current-events novels are something outside of both: curiosities, like factual fairy tales or comic books sans graphics. No matter. Like the late James Jones, Uris is one of those writers who can transcend his own illiteracy on the strength of sheer story-telling power. And much of *The Haj* has the narrative force we have come to expect from Leon Uris. The surprising thing is that for long patches the novel bogs down in limp exposition and weedy recitation of events.

THAT, however, is still not the most peculiar thing about the book. The biggest surprise is that *The Haj* is less a work of fiction than a raving diatribe against Arabs, their culture and their religion.

If *Exodus* painted an embarrassingly adoring picture of super-Jews reclaiming their land and overcoming their foes against staggering odds, the new novel depicts Arabs in a manner that would make Meir Kahane blush. Uris's Arabs are all but subhuman. By nature, they lie, steal, cheat, connive, extort, blackmail, kill, rape, torture and above all hate. Culturally, they live in the neolithic age. Islam is shown as the worst form of mind-crippling superstition and Mafia ethics. But that suits Arabs because they are all but insane anyway, generally lacking even the self-preserving sense of animals. They are hysterics, fantasists, braggarts and cowards. They

are capable of human feelings only as the bestial Quasimodo might dumbly respond to Esmerelda's tenderness. Naturally Arabs are prone to incest and homosexuality and to all other perversions. They repress their wives and their wives physically mutilate their daughters. They are filthy. They are self-destructive. They are humiliating and humiliated. And they have only themselves to blame for their misery.

The plot of *The Haj* covers almost the exact time span as *Exodus*, that is, from pre-State days through the Sinai Campaign. The book's central event is the flight of the Palestinian Arabs in 1948. Uris leaves no doubt

Tribal diatribe



THE HAJ by Leon Uris. London, André Deutsch, 566 pp. £9.95

S.T. Meravi

that the Arabs themselves are totally responsible for the war, for the departure, and for the perpetuation of the refugee problem.

Only one Jew figures in the story, and he is the only admirable character in the book. He's Gideon Asch, native of Rosh Pina, founder of the Shomrim, builder of kibbutzim, leader of the Hagana, adviser to Ben-Gurion and Allon and peace negotiator all rolled into one. Asch negotiator extends the helping hand to the Arabs, saves their lives, tries to reason with them, regrets their departure, wants to arrange their return. He is always rebuffed for his efforts.

THE STORY centres on a family from the mythical village of Tabah near Latrun. Head of the family is Haj Ibrahim. His wife is Hagar, and in a burst of inspiration, Uris naturally names his son Ishmael. The story is told by Ishmael, but also by

an omniscient narrator and apparently also by Uris's raw notecards. The Tabah villagers cke out a primitive existence on their land, which really isn't their land, and Ibrahim as *mukhtar* happily exploits them, while being exploited in turn by the masters in Damascus.

After years of being abused, tricked and cheated by their fellow Arabs, the Tabah people are finally expelled by their fellow Arabs. The women are raped by Iraqis, the sons are tortured and murdered by Jordanians, everyone is used by the Syrians and the Saudis and the Egyptians. Haj Ibrahim occasionally has flashes of insight which suggest to him that his misery has been brought on by Arabs; but being a good mindless Arab, he does as all the other Arabs do: he hates the Jews.

Any reason for this? Maybe Deir Yassin? The Arabs of course brought the massacre on themselves. And who agonizes over it the most? Says the saintly Gideon Asch: "I am tormented that we have been driven to do such things to survive. I can forgive the Arabs for murdering our children. I cannot forgive them for forcing us to murder theirs. When, after the blame for the massacre has been firmly fixed according to the Golda rule, Asch can add that "the Arabs will bow this thing all out of proportion."

After enduring every torture and degradation that Arabs can inflict on Arabs, the Haj and his family end up in a refugee camp outside of Jericho. One Arab character observes that the Israelis are busy doing everything humanly possible for the Jewish refugees from Arab lands. But the Palestinians are destined to rot in their camps, along with the garbage which, in his inimitable way, Uris says has a "deftening" stink. The dupes of the Arab leaders are now their pawns, and they can do nothing now but smoulder with hate - for the Jews.

THIS APPARENT anomaly is perfectly understandable however, for Uris has interrupted his lengthy narrative over and over again to remind us how Arabs destroy themselves with hate. To be most effective, he usually puts this idea into the mouths of Arabs themselves.

As early as page 15, for example, the young Ishmael observes: "So before I was nine I had learned the basic canon of Arab life. It was me against my brother; me and my brother against our father; my family against my cousins and the clan; the clan against the tribe; and the tribe against the world. And all of us against the infidel."

And three pages from the end, an Arab intellectual puts it this way: "Hate is our overpowering legacy and we have regenerated ourselves by hatred from decade to decade, generation to generation, century to century. The return of the Jews has unleashed that hatred, exploding wildly, aimlessly, into a massive force of self-destruction. In ten, twenty, thirty years the world of Islam will begin to consume itself in madness. We cannot live with ourselves... we never leave. We cannot live with or accommodate the outside world... we never have. We are incapable of change..."

HOW TO ACCOUNT for the furious polemical nature of the book? One can only imagine that Leon Uris was determined to reply in one fell swoop to a generation and more of anti-Israel propaganda. One can sympathize with the inclination. The Arabs have much to answer for, not the least their *lushon hara*, their slanderous tongues. Most recently, for example, a Lebanese history professor has published a book that "proves" that the ancient Land of Israel is really located in the Saudi Arabian desert. The thesis no doubt will be embraced as a corollary to the charge that the Holocaust never happened.

Yet Leon Uris, who in his headnote describes writing as "going into battle at the typewriter" has waged a sort of nuclear war against the Arab propagandists. By replying to the liars and haterunners in kind he has only given his own distorted picture of history. It's *Exodus* revisited, with rancour this time replacing romance. *The Haj* is simply another form of falsehood, and so crudely done that I suspect even the reader who is entirely ignorant of the Middle East will find it impossible to swallow. At most, *The Haj* is fuel for the fanatics among us.

whose titles indicate their fairy-tale nature: "The Lost Princess," "The Prince who was Made of Precious Gems," "The Water Palace," and "The Pirate Princess."

Although most of Rabbi Nachman's tales, Schwartz explains, "seem on the surface to be traditional fairy tales, they are in fact complex allegories frequently linked to myths concerning the *Shekhinah* (Divine Presence) and the Messiah. In the tales of Rabbi Nachman, the *maaseh*, the traditional Jewish tale, and the universal fairy tale merge and become inseparable."

In Rabbi Nachman's stories, too, appear the *Lamed Vav Zaddikim* - 36 just men - of Judaic legend who are the pious pillars that support the world. They are helpful wise men who aid worthy searchers in their quests to find magic objects or cures or enchanted places that are a dominant feature of many of the tales.

"The theme of the quest," the editor notes, "is often taken up in the midrashic literature, depicting, for example, the search for the legendary Book of Raziel, given to Adam by the Angel Raziel, as well as the search for the Temple vessels, preserved from destruction by Jeremiah when the Romans overran the Temple in Jerusalem."

SCHWARTZ HAS "retold" the tales with a charming simplicity as if for

children, but with a compelling quality that lifts them above the realm of childishness. The characters move in a peculiarly unreal realm of time and distance that is somehow perfectly acceptable in the context of fantasy. For example, when a king sends an emissary or even goes off himself on a quest, or it may be a poor but worthy and clever young man sets out to seek the magic means to liberate or cure a princess, they almost invariably - with rare exceptions of specific limited time and space given - "walk for many years" throughout many kingdoms, and eventually return successfully to find the situation the same as they left it.

Schwartz sums up: "The characteristic Jewish fairy tale, then, can best be seen as a fusion of the Jewish sacred legend or the Jewish secular folk tale with the universal fairy tale, conditioned by the biblical and post-biblical tradition in which Divine Providence takes the place of magical devices and resolutions and the moral element is pre-eminent. The result is a powerful medium for the reaffirmation of Jewish faith and longing, sustained over one hundred generations..."

Eleven full-page drawings by Linda Heller, illustrating the tales and capturing in an unusual, exquisite style the special flavour of Jewish fantasy, provide an additional captivating touch.

BESIDES being a gifted novelist, M.M. Kaye is well-qualified to write about India. Her ancestors and relatives had close connections with the sub-continent. Sir John William Kaye wrote a history of the Indian Mutiny, of which terrible period the novelist herself makes much here. Another ancestor, Major General Edward Kaye, commanded a battery at the Siege of Delhi, which was part of that blood-soaked time. Her grandfather William was in the Indian Civil Service; and her father Sir Cecil Kaye and her brother Colonel William Kaye served, lived in and loved India.

Shadow of the Moon begins just before Victoria became queen. The British East India Company (referred to as "John Company" in common parlance) had control of India, gradually ousting rulers, local and good, from their states; this led to disruptions, murder, massacre and finally mutiny, which resulted in a takeover by the British Crown.

Through it all is woven the story of Winter, daughter of a Spanish nobleman and his English wife. The Spaniard grew up in India where his father had built up an estate and a "palace." Winter, whose mother died giving birth to her, is sent to England but longs for "home." How her life becomes entangled in a disastrous marriage in India and how she escapes the slaughter in the Indian uprising makes a thrilling romance. Yet it also impresses as actuality.

The British, largely blind to the signs, hold out bravely against the

THE BRITISH navy in the late 18th century seems to be an inexhaustible font of inspiration for nostalgic 20th century writers. Richard Woodman's trilogy (so far) is the latest contribution to the Hornblower genre.

In *An Eye of the Fleet*, Woodman introduces young Nathaniel Drinkwater, midshipman on the side of all that is good, brave and honest. The forces of evil are fully represented in the person of chief midshipman Augustus Morris. Morris is a homosexual whose depravity and violence weave a sinister web aboard the frigate *Cyropa*.

The two central events in the first novel are the Moonlight Battle of 19/17 January 1781, and a daring raid into Caroling swamp country. In the

Blankness

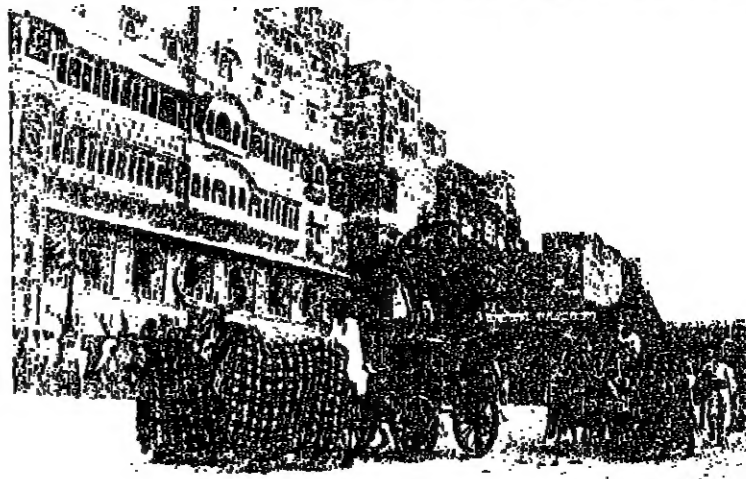
JOHANNA AT DAYBREAK by R. C. Hutchinson. London, Zenith, 314 pp. £4.95

Michelle Cameron

THERE have been so many tragedies born out of the second World War that there is little wonder there have been many books about them. R. C. Hutchinson became fascinated by one such tragedy, the story of Johanna von Leezen, and went to hear the story from her first-hand. It became the book, *Johanna at Daybreak*.

Johanna von Leezen lost her memory because she had acted contrary to all the dictates of motherhood. She was married to a Jew, and her children, therefore, were considered Jews to the Nazis. Frightened by the events of the day, Johanna abandoned her children. Her conscience would not let her rest, and so she blanked out her entire memory, and became a woman without a past.

India to incest



SHADOW OF THE MOON by M.M. Kaye. London, Penguin, 614 pp. £3.95

SOMEONE ELSE'S MONEY by Michael M. Thomas. New York, Signet, New American Library, 606 pp. \$6.50

GODPLAYER by Robin Cook. New York, Signet, 319 pp. \$7.50

odds, die amid torture and mutilation, the ignorant with the gully, the innocent with those who should have known better.

India's rich allure, its stifling squalor, and its divisions and diversity are all captured here. Contemporary

IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE by Michelle Morris. New York, Dell, 197 pp. \$2.95

THE BEAST WITHIN by Edward Levy. New York, Berkley, 279 pp. \$2.95

Dora Sowden

ary strife there is easier to understand in the light shed by this historical fiction.

RECENT REPORTS of an alleged massive fraud in the United States make *Someone Else's Money* im-

mediately topical. The author obviously understands Wall Street, the wheeling and dealing, the role of banks in high finance. The story of a great fraud takes up the major part of this bulky novel - but not the best part. If the machinations of the money market are Greek to you, some of this may prove heavy going.

Yet in its final chapters even this part of the story exerts a grip and what really redeems this tortuous telling is the sub-plot about art dealing.

Nicholas Reverey makes his thousands by spotting masterpieces and selling them to millionaires. He also retains the thrill of discovery, in human as in esthetic values. Besides having flair he is also honest - which is more than can be said of most of the people in the huge canvas.

Characters are sometimes well-drawn, sometimes melodramatic. Only a few are sympathetic. Mostly they are selfish, ambitious, ruthless, foolish. It is likely you will skip some pages on the way and settle on the episodes about collecting and acquiring pictures. There are plenty of tricks there too. So keep at it.

BEING A doctor, Robin Cook makes the details of hospital routine, drug effects, disease symptoms and the throes of death convincing in his *Godplayer*. The things he describes have indeed been reported: cases where doctors or other medical personnel have murdered patients. Here Dr. Thomas Kingsley is a wizard in the OR (operating room), but to further his control in the

hospital he assumes the right to kill those he considers expendable. When a colleague looks into cases of SSD (sudden surgical death) that are hard to explain, the situation grows sinister.

The author has written other medical thrillers but there is nevertheless some clumsy writing here, an irritating and frequent use of initials (as above) and an inability to keep the herrings red and the plot thick. It is nevertheless scary.

MICHELLE MORRIS'S *If I Should Die Before I Wake* is the first-person story of a girl who is sexually abused by her father. Passages of hysterical writing alternate with straightforward narrative and the result is abrasive and horrifying.

On the cover of *The Beast Within* there are two words besides the title: "Beyond Horror" - and that just describes it. The beginnings are simple enough. A country girl is married off by her father to an old man. It turns out that the bridegroom thinks sex sinful, so the girl finds relief with a stranger.

Discovered by the husband, she is murdered and the lover is chained in a dark cellar. When the old man dies, the victim is left imprisoned. He turns into an animal, surviving by eating rodents and insects.

Yet this is not the most shocking part of the nightmare. The reader is asked to accept that a man who has been confined for 20 years and has become subhuman passes on this animal nature to his offspring. The story raises goose pimples.

his second cruel adversary, the spy Edouard Santhoxas. Although it was accepted that in battle cutters were considered essentially non-combatant messenger and rescue ships, it doesn't turn out that way for Griffiths and Drinkwater with Santhoxas lurking around.

IN A BRIG OF War the lately promoted Lieutenant Drinkwater is sent on a mission to the sultry Red Sea to put a stop to some Napoleonic designs on Egypt and India. "Lethargy began to spread its tentacles through the brig, bearing out Appleby's [the portly ship's doctor] maxim that war was mostly a waste of time, a waste of money and a waste of energy. "I might add (since I read this passage in Lebanon on the

day a man was killed nearby), and also, above all, a waste of life. The lethargy doesn't last long, though, as both Santhoxas and Morris reap-pear to trouble Drinkwater's already perilous existence. This, the third, but by no means final, novel, is punctuated with shipwreck and tidal wave, and is a pleasant change from the usual battle and blood-in-the-scuppers scenes.

The first and last of the series are by far the better novels; only the second is sluggish. Woodman also makes an attempt at character development, and this together with some very salty language, and the uncensored references to homosexuality in His Majesty's Navy, makes his adventures more than just kid's stuff.

Nautical capers

AN EYE OF THE FLEET by Richard Woodman. London, John Murray, 185 pp. £7.95.

A KING'S CUTTER by Richard Woodman. London, John Murray, 170 pp. £7.50.

A BRIG OF WAR by Richard Woodman. London, John Murray, 233 pp. £7.95.

David Brauner

first the author displays his historical knowledge, and in the second, his

imagination. After 10 years with Trinity House helping to make England's coasts safe for navigation, Drinkwater is again co-opted into the navy in *A King's Cutter*. He has married his sweetheart Elizabeth, but, in spite of his happy home life, fear of stagnation presses him back to the quest for glory.

Captain Madoc Griffiths, a rather besotted old Welsh curmudgeon, commands the cutter *Kestrel* in some cloak-and-dagger adventures off the coast of post-revolutionary France. First mate Drinkwater encounters

The lost papers

THE BORDER by Elaine Feinstein. London, Hutchinson, 113 pp. £6.95.

Shelley Kleiman

AT THE opening of Elaine Feinstein's novel, 83-year-old Inge Wandler meets her grandson, an Oxford historian, for the first time. The year is 1983, the place, Sydney, Australia. Inge presents her grandson with a book she has written, the history of Walter Benjamin, the German Jewish critic, whom she had known, with a suitcase filled with diaries, letters and poems written in the late 1930s by her husband, Hans, Hilde's lover, and herself. It is these linked fragments, supplemented by Inge's conversations with her grandson, that make up the contents of this rich and powerful novel.

All these lost papers transport the reader to another time. The year is now 1938, the place, Vienna, and

Hitler's power is spreading across Europe. Hans Wandler, a poet with a speech impediment (and Jewish blood), is not very much concerned. Although friends have lost their jobs, and he has been harassed ("You are polluting our home land," one student tells him), Hans has no doubts that the Nazis will soon be crushed. "Now he is going to extremes, the people will never follow him," he says of Hitler.

But Inge wants to leave Vienna (they have already sent their son to America) and flee to Paris. "Thomas Mann left long ago; and Hannah Arendt; and Brecht," she tells him. Although they remain in Vienna until it is almost impossible to leave, they eventually make their way to France, and as far as the French-Spanish border, which Hans is never to cross.

The border is not just the physical one dividing France and Spain. It separates freedom from tyranny; it is

also the fine line between sanity and madness, love and hate.

Hans and Inge are an ill-matched couple. She, once a successful scientist, does not understand Hans' fidelity to art ("As I saw it, there was something altogether nobler in the activity of science"), nor does he feel any respect for her work ("I regret to say that science has never excited me in the least"). With the world crumbling around them, Hans falls in love with Hilde, a young communist, and a soul-mate. It is his love for Hilde that blinds him to the realities of the day, and, though he eventually decides to stay with Inge (Hilde returns to Russia), he never forgives her for robbing him of what he considers his "source of creation."

A love story, with devastating historic events as the backdrop, *The Border* is as concerned with human betrayal as with the Holocaust. It is as much about the inner world of human experience as the external one that seals their fate. It is to Feinstein's credit that she suggests more than she actually tells, and the aura of anxiety she creates in this many-textured short novel is one that will not be forgotten easily.

IT HAS fallen to two gentiles to write two of the best pieces of Holocaust literature, both based on interviews with survivors. Thomas Keneally's version of how Oskar Schindler saved hundreds of his Jewish employees from death has become a best-seller. It presented Schindler not as a saint, but as a human being, warts and all. Richard Rashke, who has put together the authoritative version of the breakout from the Nazi extermination camp at Sobibor, on the Polish-Russian border, also gives us portraits of people who were heroes without heroics. Both books give one an excellent idea of the type of psychopath that did so well in the SS. Rashke also gives us a very good idea of how the will to survive can lead quite ordinary people to surmount the most extraordinary obstacles.

Sobibor existed chiefly to kill Jews in large numbers. But a few hundred formed a workforce of artisans and loggers that kept the camp going or provided skilled services prized by the guards; even portrait painting was in demand. The breakout of the workforce was led by a Russian Jewish officer. A half-dozen SS men were quietly done away with, but an attempt to storm the armory was foiled by a single SS man firing a machine gun. Some 600 prisoners rushed the main gate and the fences; about half of that number made it into the woods, only to be caught and killed. A few escapees joined partisan groups. Others were killed by Polish partisans. Only 30 survivors of the breakout are alive today, living in the U.S., Brazil, Russia and Israel. Rashke talked to most of them and was able not only to document the breakout, but to build up an accurate picture of day-to-day life within the "privileged" section of the camp.

A few of the escapees owed their lives to Poles who risked their own necks to hide them. But most Poles gave the Jews away to the Germans; in several cases they betrayed childhood friends who appealed to them for help. Jewish partisans survived chiefly in Jewish partisan hands. Polish partisans tricked and shot them. Rashke recounts an eye-witness description of Jewish partisans celebrating liberation by the Russians while, a block or so away, the Polish

Prison memoirs

ESCAPE FROM SOBIBOR by Richard Rashke. London, Michael Joseph. 389 pp. £10.95.

THE BURMA-SIAM RAILWAY: The Secret Diary of Dr. Robert Hardie, 1942-45. London, The Imperial War Museum and Jane's. 181 pp. £9.95.

Meir Ronnen

National Army was still doing its best to wipe out Jewish survivors.

MUCH OF this book is taken up with Rashke's account of his interviews with the survivors, and of his visit to Sobibor with several of them. He points out their horror at the hostility of West German judges and lawyers to Jewish witnesses during the drawn-out trial of some of Sobibor's mass murderers, who were eventually released.

He records also a Moscow reunion of some of the survivors with Sasha Pechersky, the Russian Jewish political officer who refused to let the SS men humiliate him. Pechersky's brave and dignified conduct made him the natural choice for these Jews looking for a leader. But the most interesting aspect of the meeting is how other survivors who accompanied Rashke to the reunion with Pechersky made, together with Pechersky himself, a painfully honest attempt to analyse exactly why and how everything had happened.

One young Russian-Jewish soldier, Semyon Rozenfeld, captured by the Germans at Baranowice, survived the escape from Sobibor and subsequent attempts by Polish partisans to kill him. He was able to rejoin the Russian forces. Though wounded twice, he made it to Berlin, where, completely white at 23, he carved on the wall of the Reichstag a message for all the Sobibor Jews: *Baranowice - Sobibor - Berlin*.

Rashke's book is not a "fictionalized" account. But he makes all his characters come alive. It is clear that some of them became intimate friends.

Rashke, by the way, wrote *The Death of Karen Silkwood*.



OUT-GUESSED AND poorly led, the hodge-podge of Allied forces in Malaya surrendered to a numerically inferior Japanese force. To be taken prisoner was not part of the Japanese ethos. It seems to me that the Japanese must have been mystified, as well as incensed, to find many Allied prisoners acting as though they had not lost face.

What the Japanese wanted from the Allied prisoners in Malaya was work, chiefly on the Burma-Siam rail link they hoped would replace risky naval links. To get it, they were forced to rely on Allied organizational and medical experience. In return, they offered full rations, which were in any case barely sufficient to sustain life. They rarely provided more than the most elementary medical supplies and sometimes none. Their own soldiers were not much better off.

IT WAS only at the end of the war that the Japanese, bowing from the waist to their former prisoners, broke open stores full of undistributed Red Cross parcels containing medical supplies. Some of the Japanese responsible for the withholding of these supplies were later accused of war crimes and executed by the Allies. It is fairly evident that one reason for their behaviour was that they did not want Allied doctors to perform better than their own. (This despite the fact that they were desperate to get men out of the primitive camp hospitals and back into the workforce.)

Dr. Robert Hardie (1904-73), captured in Singapore while serving as a medical officer with the Federated Malay States Volunteer Force, was a man of many parts. He had original-

ly studied Classics at Oxford, was an enthusiastic naturalist, and a more than gifted artist, as his water colours and drawings of the camps, and flora and fauna of Malaya and Siam, attest. They were as clandestine as his diaries: their discovery would have led to his summary execution. But Hardie's chief preoccupation was in keeping his fellow prisoners alive; and in encouraging the Japanese to cooperate in malaria control.

Hardie's diaries, which he never attempted to publish, were written on scraps of paper. He laboriously recopied them after the war, but didn't change a word. They have an extraordinary immediacy, and are all the more convincing for their sensitivity and reticence. Hardie never goes overboard about Japanese behaviour (it is revealing to read, in an appendix providing a detailed Who's Who of everyone mentioned in the diaries, that so-and-so was executed for war crimes). He also carefully notes the Japanese officers and NCOs who conducted themselves well, were fair and even helpful.

On the other hand, he notes also that many Allied officers were selfish or shirkers, and stood on their right to refuse to work when the extra pay and rations accrued were being used to help the sick. Some of the British colonels serving in the Indian Army seemed to have been particularly dense. One talked of wishing he was back in India where one could soldier "under the right conditions." When he spotted an improvised Star of David in a prison camp cemetery, the chaplain had to explain to him that Jews were not Christians. Hardie's own camp commandant, an Indian Army colonel named Williamson, seems to have been loath to approach the Japanese on his men's behalf, and turned down request after request.

Matters in Malaya and Siam were somewhat different. For Allied prisoners, there was nowhere to escape to; safety lay inside their camps. There was growing evidence that the Allies were winning the war; some prisoners even died in Allied bombing raids on the Kwai bridges. A few hidden radio receivers were still operable. The trick was to stay healthy and wait matters out, year after year.

Hardie defeated monotony and depression because he was convinced he had a positive role to perform. In addition, he was sustained by a genuine delight in the beauties of nature. He was also in an admittedly good position to look after his own diet and health, but his efforts on behalf of his fellow prisoners merited a decoration that does not seem to have been forthcoming.

This book is something of a posthumous recognition of an obviously outstanding man. It is also an invaluable addition to our still fairly meagre knowledge of prison camp lore.

In some camps the Japanese turned a blind eye to purchases of

food from nearby villages, and in others even conducted it. Hardie describes several shopping trips where he was accompanied by amiable guards. Bananas and peanuts could mean the difference between life and death, and at times Hardie "thived" on this diet. But the toll from untreated tropical diseases, ulcers and malnutrition was high. Of the 61,000 prisoners who worked on the railway, over 16,000 died of exhaustion, illness and starvation. A few were beaten to death. Others died while being moved from one area to another, under conditions as bad as those suffered by the Jews in German boxcars. But the Japanese were, for the most part, more competent than malevolent, though some behaved like sadistic brutes.

Some Allied prisoners could not take the privations and humiliations; they turned their faces to the wall and died. The same was true of prisoners in German concentration camps. The will to live was often incredibly strong, both in East Europe and Asia. The Jews who broke out of Sobibor were ready to risk the minefields and the guns in the towers; their hope to go on living could not reasonably extend much beyond the morrow.

Conditions in the various camps along the Kwai varied according to site (some were swamped in their own sewage) and the quality of Japanese and Allied leaders. There were cases where a British sergeant-major did better than a Colonel Blimp.

In some camps the Japanese turned a blind eye to purchases of

al antagonisms cross a critical dividing line when urban and rural-based insurgent forces undertake terrorist acts in order to pose an imminent threat to a nation's political and economic vitality. . . . A nation supporting terrorist violence in another nation is engaged in *low-intensity warfare* (italics added) in support of expansion of its own sphere of political influence."

CLINE AND Alexander find the Soviet Union guilty of maintaining connections with international terrorist networks. And through its connections, whether overt or covert, it is involved in "low-intensity warfare" against the United States. Most of the documentation for their charges was supplied by Israel. (A few documents are reprinted in the book.) Hundreds of them were captured during the Lebanese campaign.

Cline and Alexander explore also the PLO's connection with the Soviet Union, and the "international infrastructure of terrorism." In connecting past Soviet terrorist activity with possible activity in the future, they help to clarify the role which the United States has played, and should play, as it confronts the threat of the Soviet Union's terrorist connections.

They remark: "Increased ideological and political

An ingenious plot

ALISTAIR MACLEAN has devised a most ingenious plot, a variation of the old story about the naughty little Dutch boy who made a hole in a dyke with his knife to see what would happen. In *Floodgate*, a group of terrorists, calling themselves the FFF, conceive the diabolical plan of holding the Dutch and British Governments to ransom by threatening to destroy the dykes, and thus inundate the Netherlands.

The thriller opens remarkably. As proof that their threats are by no means empty, the FFF blow up a dyke that puts Amsterdam Schiphol airport under water. The airport disappears, its place is taken by a wave-rippled lake that stretches as far as the eye can see. Aircraft are sunk, or have their noses buried under water, or float aimlessly around.

Thereafter the gang move from one excess to another. Cops on their trail are captured, tortured and killed in the most ghastly way. A beautiful woman cop working with Lieutenant Peter van Effen, the terrorist-hunter, and Van Effen's sister, are kidnapped. More horrors are perpetrated.

None of this makes the unflappable Van Effen lose his cool. While all around are losing their heads, he remains as cold as the North Sea in midwinter.

Up to this point, this is an original and outstanding thriller. Then, for some unfathomable reason, Maclean seems to lose his grip of his plot and his characters. The arch-villain turns from a fiend in human shape into a dotty but fairly amiable creature, with a legitimate grievance be-

FLOODGATE by Alistair Maclean. Collins, London. 315 pp. £8.50.

THE SPEAKER OF MANDARIN by Ruth Rendell. London, Arrow. 223 pp. £1.75.

THE MIND READERS by Margery Allingham. Harmondsworth, Penguin. 250 pp. £1.25.

HUNT WITH THE HOUNDS by Mignon G. Eberhart. New York, Warner. 192 pp. \$2.50.

POSTMARK MURDER by Mignon G. Eberhart. New York, Warner. 207 pp. \$2.50.

ANOTHER MAN'S MURDER by Mignon G. Eberhart. New York, Warner. 158 pp. \$2.50.

Philip Gillon

cause his sons and wife were killed in Northern Ireland. Van Effen has little difficulty bringing him and his nefarious associates to book.

This is certainly a gripper, up to the very last sentence, but it is a pity that Maclean emasculated the FFF so abruptly.

SOMEWHAT TO his amazement, Chief Inspector Wexford, from a small town in England, finds himself travelling in Red China, where he appears to be haunted by an old woman whose feet have been deformed by the cruel old custom of tying them up so as to get the petite effect admired by the mandarins. Shortly after the policeman returns to England, the wife of a retired QC is murdered in his district. By coincidence, she and her husband were in the group with which Wexford travelled in China.

Orphans in reverse

SUBTITLED "a geriatric comedy," this is a thought-provoking book, poignant, bawdy and horrifying. It cries out to be read, and yes, to be enjoyed. The message, should the reader fail to grasp it through its nine skilfully constructed, closely interlocking monologues, is spelled out loud and clear on the final page: it is "about the sadness, the need to go farther better to appreciate the nearer," for old age lies ahead of us all, "nothing is more sure." Ironically, Johnson himself died when he was 40, spared the terrors he details so searingly.

Eight old people and their house mother share with the reader their "social evening" at a municipal home for the aged - their meal and their clearing away, handicrafts, exercise, a game and, finally, house mother's "entertainment." They offer us a running commentary on events, carrying us through them, but also bearing us back into their former lives, as Johnson uses an innovative technique that creates multi-dimensional effects that linger long in memory.

Sarah, Charlie, Ivy, Ron, Sioned, Gloria, George and Rosetta range in age from the 'seventies to the 'nineties. Most of them score highly on the 10 classic questions used to test senile dementia - they know where and who they are, the date, their age and the like. But all suffer from fearful catalogues of physical ailments, to cite just one person, and this not the most ailing: "contractures, dehydration, incipient hypochromic anaemia, incontinence, inguinal hernia, inoperable rec-

HOUSE MOTHER NORMAL by B.S. Johnson. Newcastle Upon Tyne, Bloxdale Books. 204 pp. £3.50.

Dvorah Getzler

tal carcinoma, among others." All are "orphans in reverse," for they have no relatives.

FOR AN allotted 21 pages each, they let us into their minds, and where there is no mind, the blanks show starkly white on the page. They have their memories of better times, when life was with those they loved, for it is in human contact, and most often to sexual contact, that each returns in thought - and, albeit in limited and sometimes bizarre ways, in practice too: "Once they nearly caught me and Ted on the job... We had to shout to them Hang On! while he got his trousers up," or in the present, "You owe me a feel, Mrs. Ridge, a feel, tonight."

They recall old grievances. "No one ever treated me like a queen. You'd think every girl would be treated like a queen by someone at some time in her life, wouldn't you. But not me. Perhaps I never deserved it, perhaps I never treated any man like a king."

New and present hurts recall old prides: once fastidious, Charlie is bothered that he spits when speaking, a condition that started some while ago, "but that was nothing compared with what was to come... Sometimes I have to be changed like a baby."

This is the background of Ruth Rendell's *The Speaker of Mandarin*, and a very pretty Chinese puzzle she constructs for us, box within box within box. Yet there is no sleight of hand: those of us who have the wit to get to the crux of the puzzle will feel inordinately proud of ourselves for doing so. Most readers will enjoy letting Wexford do the job for them.

MARGERY ALLINGHAM'S *The Mind Readers* is a most unusual type of whodunit, in which she flirts with ESP and science fiction. Two small boys, one aged 11 and the other eight, nephews of Albert Campion, Ms. Allingham's upper-class detective, invent what they call "the nippomanium iggy-tube," which enables them to read minds and share feelings, even from a considerable distance. Their discovery naturally invites the attention of all kinds of villains on both sides of the Iron Curtain. They are ultimately outwitted by the two lads. One of the discomfited megalomaniacs, Lord Ludor, sums up his reaction to Sam, the eight-year-old who has outsmarted him: "I hate that damn kid." Nobody else does.

Warner have proudly reprinted three mysteries written by Mignon G. Eberhart in the Fifties, each with the same quote from *The Miami News*: "Mignon Eberhart's name on mysteries is like sterling on silver." Nearly three decades later, the silver seems old, although genuine enough. The style is mannered, the pace slow, and the detectives are incredibly foolish with their tendency to suspect the heroines for no apparent reason whatsoever. Nevertheless, the problems posed are sufficiently baffling, with the clues scattered around like leaves in autumn, to keep the reader bewildered and absorbed.

Sexual rivalry dies hard as Gloria recalls the comforts of her childhood religion when paradise seemed so real, but that better world will exclude Ivy, she'll not have that end, she'll go on with her gray tits and sticky fingers...

Ron reflects on the shooting pain he believes to be from haemorrhoids. "It's a punishment for tossing off the little boy when I was in the Navy, it's a punishment, be sure your sins will find you out."

Even Rosetta, through the blankness of her mind and her 21 pages, has a moment of consciousness as pain knives through her silence. "I am a prisoner in myself. It is terrible. The movement agonizes me. Let me out or I shall die."

And so it goes on in the world of the old. A NORMAL WORLD? Yes! If proof were needed it is there in the behaviour and monologue of the house mother. She arms herself with a cane, the much feared "witcher," to keep her charges in order. She mocks them in cruel games. She exploits them pettily to boost her own income, assigning her trustees to top-up medicine bottles with water, to make Christmas-crackers in handicraft sessions - all for sale by her to outside contractors. And, finally, she makes them the mocked-at voyeurs of her lewd "entertainment."

But it is the old people's reaction to the lubricious exhibition of the house mother's grotesque sex life that shows them as normal.

True, Johnson uses shock tactics in this final episode, yet it is this powerful ending, definitely not for the squeamish, that helps us to identify with those "orphans in reverse" who are all our relatives and, one day, ourselves.

Recent Jewish book news

A STEIMATZKY BOOKSHOP opened in New York City last winter. It has attracted educators and librarians as well as Israelis living in the U.S. who seek a good and reliable supply of Hebrew books. The store on East 11th Street in Manhattan has a large stock of Hebrew titles. It will also stock English language books published in Israel, such as travel guides, books about the Bible, history, and archeology. In the few months since its establishment, its best-seller has been *Feast of History* by Chaim Raphael, and published by Steimatzky. This is a beautifully illustrated Hagada with historical background on Passover, and on the development of the Seder and the Hagada.

On my visit to the shop, I found it full of American Jews, most of them traditional, seeking books in Hebrew for their children. Steimatzky's expects that many of their customers will be Israelis living in New York City, and who want to read contemporary Israeli authors, and expect their children to maintain Hebrew-language skills. The Hebrew edition of *A Late Divorce* by A.B. Yehoshua sold out the day the book was reviewed on the front page of *The New York Times Review* (February 19, 1984).

AN ISRAELI BOOKSELLER-PUBLISHER appearing in America adds diversity to the Jewish publishing scene. And the growing involvement of American trade publishers contributes also. Each year more than 500 books of Jewish interest are published in English in the U.S. by such houses as Doubleday, Random House, Harper and Row, and Simon and Schuster. During the past decade a growing proportion of books of Jewish interest has been published by these general trade publishers.

The overall publishing picture is spotty, with large numbers of books in certain subject areas and a few in some others. Many books are published annually on the Holocaust,

including personal narratives, theology, and fiction. How-to books of Jewish interest began to be published in the early 1970s, with *The First Jewish Catalog* by Richard Siegel, Michael and Sharon Strassfeld (The Jewish Publication Society of America). The Hayim Hilevy Dunin books, *To Be a Jew*, *To Pray as a Jew* and *To Raise a Jewish Child* (Basic Books), followed. More recently there have been books about Hebrew calligraphy, Jewish needlepoint, and Arthur Kurzweil's *From Generation to Generation: How To Trace Your Jewish Genealogy* (Morrow, Schocken). The most striking lack is in children's books. Biographies and books about Israel are also lacking.

READERS IN ISRAEL may be interested to know that most books about Israel available in America are written by Israelis. They focus on either military or political issues. Recent books include Amos Oz's *In the Land of Israel* (Doubleday) and Chaim Herzog's *The Arab-Israeli Wars* (Random House).

Another trend in the past decade has been the increase in scholarly books about Judaism. Most of these books are coming from publishers who have not specialized in Judaica, often university presses.

FOR THE PAST 35 years the IWB Jewish Book Council has presented the National Jewish Book Awards for outstanding literary achievement and scholarship in Jewish thought, Jewish history, the Holocaust, fiction and children's literature. The Awards aim to stimulate American Jewish literary creativity. Among the award-winning authors are Howard Fast, Cynthia Ozick, Philip Roth and Elie Wiesel. United States and Canadian authors are eligible for this competition.

This column concludes with an annotated list of the 1984 Award winners. (All the books considered for the 1984 Awards were published in 1983.)

Biography	<i>Ben-Gurion: prophet of Fire</i> Dan Kurzman (Simon & Schuster).
Children's Literature	<i>The Jewish Kids Catalog</i> by Chaya M. Burstein (The Jewish Publication Society of America). A lively, fact-filled book about Judaism.
Fiction	<i>An Admirable Woman</i> by Arthur A. Cohen (David R. Godine). A story of a German-Jewish intellectual driven from Germany by the Nazis.
The Holocaust	<i>The Quality of Witness: A Romanian Jewish 1937-44</i> edited by Marguerite Dorian (The Jewish Publication Society of America).
Israel	<i>Israel in the Mind of America</i> by Peter Grose (Alfred A. Knopf). The History of the 150 year-old American interest in the idea of a Jewish state.
Jewish History	<i>Tsar Nicholas I and the Jews: The Transformation of Jewish Society in Russia 1825-1855</i> by Michael Stanislawski (The Jewish Publication Society of America).
Jewish Thought	<i>Post-Holocaust Dialogues: Critical Studies in Modern Jewish Thought</i> by Steven T. Katz (New York University Press).
Scholarship	<i>A Mediterranean Society: The Jewish Community of the Arab World, as Portrayed in the Documents of the Cairo Geniza - Daily Life</i> by S.D. Goitein (University of California).
Visual Arts	<i>A Vanished World</i> by Roman Vishniac (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A beautifully printed collection of celebrated photos of Jewish life in Eastern Europe of the 1930s.
Yiddish Literature	<i>Tsu Di Himlen Atzoy</i> (To The Heavens Above) by Chaim Leib Fuchs. (CYCO). A collection of essays and poems.